

The XV.

COMFORTS

OF

Rash and Inconsiderate

MARRIAGE,

OR

Select Animadversions

UPON THE

MISCARRIAGE

OF A

WEDDED STATE.

Done out of French.

L O N D O N,

Printed for *Walter Davis*, 1682.

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TO THE READER.

IT is an old saying That every thing grows worse and worse, which the *Venusian* Poet seems to Confirm in these following words, tho much to the same purpose,

*Ætas Parentum, pejor Avis, tulit
Nos Nequiores, mox daturos
Progeniem Vitiosorem.*

. Notwithstanding whose Authority, and the pretended Antiquity hereof, I'll be bold to affirm that this Adage in the Vulgar and mistaken Application therereof carries neither Sense nor Reason with it, having no other Basis to support
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To the Reader.

it, but Malice, Ignorance, or both, and if this Treatise doth not absolutely prove the contrary, it will at least shake, if not totally explode that common Opinion, *viz.* That Woman is the worst Piece of the Hexameron Creation, and consequently according to the Masculine tho in truth, merely Sophistical Logick of this Modern Age, become (the more the pity) the Subject of all the Raillery, or (in downright English) Railing against that harmless and innocent Sex; and question not but by this Discourse all Dissenters will be of my Opinion, that if ever Vertue did appear and shire with Glory, Splendor and its own Native and Charmin Beauty in any Created Substance it is most visible and constant in the Female. I must Ingenuously confess that I have a particular Inclination to, and deference for that Sex, and hold my self obliged to vindicate the

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both them from those Calumnies where-
abso with they have been so foulely and
t will causlessly Aspers'd by Antient, as
plode well as Modern Authors; nor am
That to blame for deserting my own
of the Cause, to Justifie what may seem
confe gainst my self, and espouse the E-
culine quitable Condition and defence of
mistical he contrary and so much Injur'd
, be Party. This is the Composition of
e Sub some Gentile and Amorous Mon-
down ter, who Animated with the same
st that Spirit and Affection as I am, hath
and undertaken (and judg'd it his Du-
courty too) to satisfie you and (he
Opini hopes) so far as to work upon you
appea Perswasion that the Modesty,
endor Bashfulness; Debonairety, and Ci-
rmin vility, together with all Qualifica-
stances, that Adorn and Beautifie
e in the Soul, are as Exemplarily Emi-
onfess nent in Women of this Age, as e-
natio ver they were in any of the for-
x, an mer; and Instruct you to set a va-
ndicat ue on their Actions, as the best

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To the Reader.

Creatures in the worst of Times,
whose Vertue must needs shine
with the greater Lustre, being
subject to the vain Assaults, and in-
effectual Temptations of Men
grown old (like the Times) in
Wickedness, Malice and Revenge.

Farewel.

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PREFACE.

THE Philosophers and Sages of former Times, as well as those of a later Date, have all spent operam et oleum, exhausted their Spirits, and wasted their Bodies, till at last, by their Indefatigable Pains and Industry, they crumbled into Dust, and all this to Inculcate this Doctrine, grounded upon solid Reason; that it is certainly a greater Happiness for a Man to enjoy Freedom uncontrol'd, then to enslave himself for ever without Compulsion. He must of necessity forfeit his Reason, that is of a contrary Opinion; for as a Modern Poet sings truly;

Surely their Heads unpeopled are
with Brains,

H E That hug their Fetters and embrace
their Chains.

That Man is unquestionably Senseless, who
lives at Freedom in the Vigor and Spright-
liness of his Youth living in a stream of Wealth
and the high Tide of Pleasure and Delight,
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is Caress'd by Fortune, loaden with Favours, and almost Cloy'd with Comforts; a Person that may cry Scielto to his Passions, and give them the loose Rein, and enjoy the natural Freedom which all men are born with; Gratifie his Appetite and Gust, with whatsoever three of the four Elements can furnish him; and yet this Person, notwithstanding all these Advantages, throws himself into an Abyss of misery, Confines himself to a Person (a Wife) whose best Qualification is Peevishness, forfeits his Freedom, Reason, Content and Satisfaction, and loseth his own to Enslave himself to the humour of another, and this too for Life, for whom the Art and Wit of the Pregnant and Subtile can never procure a Ransom in order to Redemption. Would not any Rational Creature judge him guilty of Statute-madness, who being shewn the Loathsomness and Horror of a Dungeon, views the maigre and ghostlike Aspect of the Famished Prisoner, hears the hideous shrieks and groins of shackled Malefactors, the rattling noise of whose heavy Irons is a Harmony only fit to drive serious Man out of his Wits; would not, I say, any Person gifted with Reason, look upon him to be Mad beyond the Cure of Drugs or Medicines, who shall nevertheless shake hands with his Liber-

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ty, and the unaccountable delights that attend it, and cast himself into a Jale, with a Resolution never to be discharged, but to ly there and perish? The very Brutes, tho never so stupid, or wild, value their Roving Liberty at the highest Rate, hazarding, nay losing their Life, which is their All, their whole Being, their little Eternity (Pardon the Expression) to preserve their Freedom; and shall Man the Perfection of the Creation, endow'd with a Rational Soul, Inspired by the Deity, come short of Inanimate Power, Inconsiderable Animals, in a Business of such Weight and Concernment, upon which the Contentation, and in Truth, Felicity of Human Life doth consist? Dijavertant.

Consider farther to confirm this Argument, The Desire and Love of Freedom and Liberty, is so Innate in all Persons, that not only Man, but Woman the weaker Sex, nay Children, a weaker part of the weaker Sex, have hazarded, nay lost Wealth, Fortune and Life, rather than part with so pretious a Jewel. The sad Catastrophes of Persons and Kingdoms, the Horrid Massacres and Murders, the Torments, Plagues, Estails, Quarrels and Discontents between Nations and Parties, the Depopulation of Republics, the Demolishing of Kingdoms, the Extirpa-

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ting of Princes , the Assassinating King^s Emperours (a Curse on the Disciples of Lame Loyola for that King-killing Tenet) nay most of the Barbarous Tragedies that have been Acted upon the bloody stage of this World , have had no other source than the natural desire and Affection of Liberty (how Justly I dispute not) and property, the Darling Twins of Mankind, ever since the first Prevarication.

The wild Beasts of the desert are ensnar'd and taken in Pitfalls by the Craft and Cunning of the wary Huntsman, who by his Artifice contrives them so, that they are narrow at top, and broad at the Bottom, from whence there is no possibility of escape, but they must continue a Prey to the over-wily Man that made the snare, and so the Brute loseth the Liberty which kind Nature confer'd upon him, and unkind Man Craftily deprives him of. The same thing may be said of those that are Married, when they are once enchain'd and Fettered with the bands of Matrimony, a sad state (as it often falls out, if they once fall into it) from whence there is no Redemption. The silly, mute Fish, after the same manner labors with divers turnings to wind it self into the Net, Baited therewith, till

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at last she loseth her Life and Liberty. This Net in truth is the Net of Matrimony, and the Youthful, Precipitate, Heedless Hotspurs of this Age, whose Chins are scarce cover'd with tender Down, are the Fishes without the Net, who phancy to themselves, that they may Bath, and Swim in a Calm and undisturbed stream of Pleasure, and at last Launch out into a Torrent, or rather Sea of misery encompassed with nothing but storms and Tempests to their continual disturbance and vexation, having lost themselves in an Inclosure, that they can neither break through nor leap over, but there Live discontentedly, Languish Painfully, till they dwindle away to nothing, and so at last die miserable. It is a saying of the Learned Scaliger, That a Wife is an Hectic Fever, never to be Cur'd by any thing, but Death, nor can any wise Man deny it.

It is reported of a Famous Physician, Valere by Name, who being ask'd by one of his Friends, (that had the misfortune to be catch'd in the Nooze of Wedlock,) whether he had done well in changing his condition of single Life; returned him this bitter, tho true Answer; Friend (said he) could you not find out some Precipice to cast.

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cast your self headlong from thence into the Sea? Intimating thereby, that he had made a better Election, had he gain'd some high Rock, and Præcipitated himself into the Fathomless Ocean, there to consummate at once all his miseries, rather then Involve himself in a Turbulent Sea, the distractions, discontents and Vexations of a Wedded State, never to be Redressed, a Malady that bids defiance to the power of any Drug, or Doctor, how Famous or Exquisite soever.

Great and Inexpressible was the Regret and sorrow of the Arch Deacon of Tours in France, who being so Infatuated (shall I say) or Fascinated, as to forsake the the Happy and Religious Life of a Clerk, with all its appendent Privileges, Married the Reversion of another, (a Widdow) and fool sh'y fel into a Quagmire; wherein one had been drown'd before him; with whom, being link'd by the Indissoluble and Gordian Knot of Marriage, he led a Tedious Life, or to speak more properly endur'd a Vassalage almost Insupportable; for which he Sang a Mournful Ditty, to the Tune of ———

Fortune, my Foe, why hast thou Married me, and Chanted a Cordial Palinode, reserving to himself only this
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Comfort ; That he had some hope by his own Miscarriage to forewarn others from the like Inadvertency and Rashness, and to that purpose compos'd several Learned Treatises to debort all men from such unadvised Enterprizes, and Attempts. Nor is he singular herein ; for many Persons of great Parts and known abilities have endeavor'd to discover the Servitude, and more the Egyptian Bondage of a Coupled state and condition ; and in my Judgment to be Free, without Censoriousness, the fifteen Comforts of Matrimony berein fully displai'd, and clearly laid open, are the greatest Misfortunes, Pains, Discontents and Torments, that can enter into the thoughts of Man. Yet for all that is pre-mention'd, I do not blame the state of Matrimony (as now instituted by the Church) for beyond all dispute, Marriage is an Ecclesiastical and Religious Tye, a Boundary to Extravagancy, to give a check to the Exorbitant Passions of the Wild and Hot-headed Youth of both Sexes, to confine to one Person, which is but just and lawful, and not permit them like Brutes to range about in Common, or the Sect of Nicolaitans, who differ'd little from Beast in that Prophane and Dissolute Tenet of theirs,

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Community of Women; nor do I find fault with those that Marry, I am of their Opinion, and say they do well; for we Sojourn in this World to endure and suffer Afflictions, to allay the height of our Pride and give a Check to all Eccentric and Irregular Passions, that after the miseries of this Life, we may thereby be prepar'd and fitted for a Happy and Blessed Estate hereafter. And indeed I do not think that a Man can by the Compas of this Life sail into a deeper Ocean of misery and affliction; considering the Inevitable Grievousness and indispensable continuance of a Married Life (I mean only such as Rashly and unadvisedly without due consideration of the Temper and constitution of one another meet and Marry, the want of which good Election and choise renders the Wedded state so Burdensom and Insupportable) which undoubtedly exceeds all the Racks and Engines of Torment, that the Barbarity of Tyrants and the malicious wit of man ever invented; but yet, when a Husband is once inur'd and accustomed to the Domestic Fars of a double Life, and like the Asse bears the burthen patiently, which custom hath made so Tolerable, as that he Prides himself in his fondness, Patience and long suffering

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fering, of this in fine, there may be made a good Application, or at least he may make a Vertue of Necessity; for that is but a Foppish and vain Conceit of some empty Pates, that Patience per force is a Medicine for a Mad Dog, and so consequently not worth the Refutation. To Conclude, I have taken some Pains in Composing these fifteen Comforts of Matrimony, for the satisfaction of those who are in that State, and I am confident dare not contradict them, without they give their Wives the Lye, when they are once fast and intangled in the Net; and for prevention of others, by way of Caution, from running the same risk, the utmost Remedy whereof is a thred-bare Patience, or a whining Recantation; or if they must venter upon this Charybdis to avoid Shipwreck in so dangerous a Condition, let them look before they leap, according to the old Proverb, and Elect such a Person as may be link'd in Temper and Humor, and whose Souls may be united as well as their Bodies, that so their Hour-glass may run to the last sand without Interruption or Molestation, and they have a Numerous Happy Issue, (the dear Pledges of a Married Life) to perpetuate their
Name

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Name and Memory, that their Ashes may leave a fragrant smell to Posterity; for otherwise if they embrace this Holy Ordinance, without due and serious Consideration, (upon which moment depends their Happiness upon Earth) they deserve the Burial of an Ass, and by my consent shall drop into the Grave without either Tears or Pity.

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THE
First Comfort

OF

MATRIMONY.

Youth is naturally inclin'd to Mirth and Gallantry, with all the Briskness and Gaiety imaginable ; their Limbs agil and Active, fancying nothing but Mulick, Dancing, Bals and Plays, where the variety of Female Objects fire the Young sparks, in so much as Love soon breaks out, and many times to their ruin and destruction. In this Heat of Passion he Visits Ladies, Compliments after the new mode, Caresses them with all Demonstrations of fervent Affections, makes his Amours with a kind of starch'd Formality, which turns all into ridicule, in the opinion of some, tho possibly that set way of Courtship may please the Foppish Cit, and Gratifie her Childish Humor ; Thus far he proceeds with

with applause and acceptance, but this will no way satisfy the Young Gentleman, he must come to Embraces, free her from the Curse of Barrenness, and himself from the scandal of Impotency, and now the Game begins, he is pregnant with Love, and must be deliver'd, tho the Remedy proves ten times worse than the disease, and in short he plies the business so briskly, and pursues her with that warmth and Constancy, that she can no longer resist, but in spite of all Maiden Modesty, must yield to his Proposals, tho she perchance Counterfeit a Blush at the Condescension, she being as ready to Comply with him, as he to Apply himself to her, and is as willing to understand the sweets of the Marriage Bed, as the Hot Youngster that so vigorously pursues her. Thus in a short time the whole designe is concluded, and the Solemnity of their Matrimony perform'd with as much, or rather more Vanity and Expence then is consistent with the Ability, of either, or both of them; but fall back, fall edge, the Knot is Tied, never to be loosened, but by Death, the Priest having joyn'd them so firmly together,

gether, that 'tis impossible to unhand them again, tho possibly, before the Moon hath run her Menstruous Course the Husband may appear lik that Grand Luminary in her first Quarter, and she Curse the Canonical Garb that fastned them in so strict a Band, as that of Marriage, as will appear hereafter, and that very suddenly.

Now you must imaginethat our Gallant minds nothing, for the present, but the satiating himself with delight, Dancings, Treats and such kind of diversions as usual attend such Ridiculous and Idle Conjunctions; there appears, as yet nothing but Mirth and Jollity, no Scene of Sorrow is admitted in this Comedy; his whole designe is to please and Court his Wife with Ravishing Addresses, understands nothing but what she approves, nor entertains his Thoughts with any, but the Contrivance of presenting her with Bagatels and little Toys, such as are apt to Gratify the vain Humor of a Foppish Young Girl, drawn into the Net and Wheadled or Cajol'd into the Pit of Marriage; well, no matter let them both run their own Carreer; these seem-

seeming Blessings, this Counterfeit Felicity, this mask'd Love and vizarded Content will prove but short liv'd, and then let the troubles of the whole time after be Balanced with those few supposititious and Imaginary Delights they enjoyed in the Infancy of their view. Marriage, and the Vexations of the one will outweigh the satisfaction of the other, by so many degrees, that Arithmetick it self can never describe its true and due Proportion. Now the time of Dalliance being over, and the Cares of the world coming upon them, you shall understand a strange and unexpected alteration, which We will call, and I hope without offence, the first Comfort of Matrimony.

Now the Wife we must suppose to be well acquainted with the cunning Intrigues of a Married Woman, and is not to be taught her Lesson; Feasts, Gossipings and Treats, have instructed her sufficiently how to Personate the crafty Wife with an Uxorious Husband, and she begins to make an essay of her woman-Craft according to the humour of those she had conversed with in the Female Cabals, she usually frequented ;
and

and thus she begins to play her Pranks: The other day she was Invited to a Regale, a very noble Treat indeed, where there was nothing wanting to gratifie the Appetite; she took great notice of the Habit and Attire of several Wives of her own Rank and Quality, how richly they were Accoutred, and after the newest Mode; this was so great an Eye-sore to her, that she watched an Opportunity to disclose her mind to her Husband, thinking it but Reasonable that she should appear as Gay and as Gentile as the best Dame in the Parish. Now you must observe by the way, that that Woman, who is once Intoxicated with the Cup of Matrimony, is very strangely Qualified, and differently tempered from most of her Sex, if she be not once in twentyfour hours troubled with the Sullens, or the Pouts (a Disease as Natural to her as Gossiping, and both Incurable) tho Counterfeit and Causles; and where think you is the Scene of her Sullenness? why assuredly in Bed, a Place where Womens feigned Tears and Sighs have an excellent Faculty of Perswasion; and now being brought to bed, let us examine her Deportment, there

there she lies like the the Statue of *Niobe* Petrified, and for a time as Senseless ; whereupon the Amorous Husband begins to Accost her, with Accollades and Embraces, asking her what is the matter, prethee, my Dear, (saith he,) for he can forbear no longer, what ail'st thou? To whom she snappishly replies, let me alone, don't disturb me, I am very much Indisposed, and have reason enough too, God knows, but you never regard what I say, or suffer, your unkindness sticks so close to my heart, that nothing will remove it but Death ; I'm sure I shall never rest, but in that place of undisturbed Rest (the only Dormitory of Mortals) the Grave. Dearest! saith he, you pierce my very heart, and wound me to the Soul with such severe Language : Why, if I should acquaint you with my Disturbance, it were to no purpose, for I'm confident you would slight it, or which is as bad, think I have private self ends or designs, in it : No, no, you shall tell me, I'm resolv'd come what will on't : Well Sir since you impose your Commands upon me, I will obey. You are not insensible, I'm sure, that not long since I was invited to a Collation, tho I had not gone
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but with your permission and Approbation, but when I was there, with great grief I speak it, I heartily wisht my self at home agen; for there was not one Individual Woman in the whole Company, tho of the meanest rank, but was more gayly Cloath'd than my self; I do not speak it out of Pride, tho, I think, I may say without Ostentation, that I am as well extracted, have had as good Education, have as Commendable a Face, Carriage and Complexion, without the Artificial Embellishments of Paints, Patch and Powder, as the Proudest she of them all. As to my own particular, I solemnly Protest, upon the Faith of an Honest Woman, I do not value the outward Ornaments of Apparel; for the Gaudiest Robes are but the Badges of our sin and shame; it is only for your Credit, and the Reputation of our Friends and Relations that I am so much concern'd; Prethee how gloriously did they appear? Some in Flower'd Sattin Gowns, Embroider'd with Gold; Petticoats adorn'd with the best Point *de Venise*; their heads attir'd with their hair, and their ears adorn'd with Costly Pendants, their Necks encom-

compassed with Pearls, and the Graver fort in the best three-Pil'd Velvet; insomuch that I, appearing only in my Wedding Gown, and that, tho worn out, the best suit in my Wardrobe, could not forbear blushing all the time I was in Company; nay, that which troubled me most was, that one or two of our Neighbours told me, they did admire my Husband was not ashamed to see me go in so mean a Garb; to which the Goodman replies; Sweet Heart, you know, that we have been at great Charges to Furnish our selves so well as we are; that Trading decays, Losses have befallen us; I have a Chargable Suit at Law to defend next Term for the Recovery of your Portion, which will cost me many a fair Pound before I enjoy it. Ay, Ay, (quoth she) I did imagine as much, and did expect no other from you, but what I am now sensible to my sorrow, Reproaches; and so in a Pet she flings out of his Arms with scorn and Indignation; pray let me alone, don't come near me, and I'll assure you for the future I'll never open my lips to you agen, as long as I breath, upon this account; therefore

therefore pray rest satisfied: but hold, Love, are you Angry without a cause? No, no, the contrary is too apparent; the Portion sticks in my stomach, as well as yours; had you had nothing with me, I am not in a Capacity to bestow any thing upon you now, my Love and Affection to you, methinks should prevent such Reflections; but you know, as mean as I was, that I was Courted by several before ever you made any Address to me, who would have been glad with all their hearts to have Married me without so much as a Smock to cover my shame, had not you interpos'd and gained my Heart, which now you study to Plague and Torment. O unfortunate Woman that I am! but I must be content with my choise, and bear all as patiently as I can; would I were as deep in the ground as I am high, and then you would be rid of me, and I of my trouble: Really, Love, saith the Novice, you do not do well in using of me thus, ask what you please, and you shall have it to the utmost of my Ability; but yet I must have a Care of the main Chance: prethee turn to me, my dear; for Gods sake let me be quiet, if you thought no

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more of fondness of this nature, then I do, you would never come near me more, I am not so Bucsome, Ile assure you: Ay, but Child, saith he, in a Jocular way if my head were once laid, you would soon be Married agen, I warrant you; would I (saith she) in truth I find so little Pleasure or comfort in a Wedded Condition, that if I were once unmarried, I would be so far from it, that the best he, that ever laid leg over Woman, should never so much as touch my lips, as long as I have a day to Live, take that from me, and satisfyed. With this kind of Dissimulation she entertains the Fop, who is both in pleasure and Pain at once; in Pleasure to think she is so cold and Chaste a Wife; in Pain, because he sees her so much disturbed. Thus she Treats him all day with a Contracted Brow, and after all Night with such Flattering discourse, that no one good word is he worthy of, so that he is forced to Beat his Brain for Mony to Purchase the Rich Gown and Petticoat, the want of that is their source and Original of both their Discontents. Well! they must be had *quæque injuria*, by Hook, or by Crook till no slumber will seize upon his eye-lids

till this be procured; away he goes *fuscus*; *deq;*, hand over head, and takes up upon credit Silks, Laces, Jewels, and what not; and then returns home in Triumph with the Spoil of the Mercer's shop, and calls down his Wife to survey the desired Purchase; which she no sooner spies them, but like a cunning Baggage dissembles, and says, Fy, Husband, introth you are now to Blame, these are too rich Vestments for a Person of my Condition, they will not at all become me, I fear: beshrew the hearts of those lofty Dames, that first invented such costly Apparel; I would not give six pence for the best Gown that ever Female Body was Tenant to: but how-
 ever since you have been so kind, let me beg one supernumerary Favour of you, not to hit me in the teeth here-
 , and after with it, and say, I put you to this chargeable Expense; for upon my Reputation (and that is not to be valued) it was none of my Intention; I desire no other Garb then what is requisite for Warmth and Decency. Now all is well, and the Man shall have his Mare had *quagen*; they live lovingly and quietly till the day (O that fatal day!) of Pay-
 eye-lidment; the Mony cannot be procur'd

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to stop the mouths of his Creditors, who being disappointed, use the utmost vigor of the Law against him, seize his Body and Goods, extend his Lands, turn his Wife a grazing into the wide World, where she has only the liberty of choosing what Kingdom she pleases to beg in, and he, poor, undone man, is clapt into a Goal, there to endure a close and beggerly Confinemet *durante vitâ*; where he has time and room enough to lament his deplorable Condition. The Woman she returns to her Friends, Cursing the hour that she was born in; never such a disgrace befel a woman of her birth and Education, Alas! Alas! (saith she) have I studied *æconomie* all my Life long, and taken so much Pains in governing my Family, and been as sparing as any good Wife in the Parish, and all to keep both ends together, and is it come to this at last O Death, come and put a Period to my Misery! Thus the harmless Woman bemoans her Misfortune, lays all the Fault at the poor Mans door, (Poor Man indeed) and now he is fast in the Net and the more he struggles, the more is intangled; in short he's laid up for his Life, and his Creditors (for that

all their like to have) may make Dice
of his Bones:

The second Comfort of Matrimony.

IT is the misfortune of some Men
(and those some are too many,
God wot) to prepossess themselves
with a Conceit, that Reason, Sense,
nor Demonstration can never convince
them of ; such is the Case of the Hus-
band that enjoys the second Comfort of
Matrimony we are now discoursing of,
who will not be perswaded by all the
world, but she is the handsomest Women
in it, tho he is much mistaken ; but I
cannot much blame him ; for Beauty is
nothing but mere Phancy, and if I con-
ceit Black and Blew to be a comely Com-
plexion, it is so to me : Having thus
in his own opinion Married a Fine Wo-
man, he maintains her as Finely : Her
Brisk humour inclines her to visits, Treats
and Jovial Meetings ; tho this her Hus-
band disrelisbeth, but all to no pur-
pose ; for she's of a gadding temper,
and out she must for Health and Recrea-
tion ; but how to contrive the way to
effect it quietly, *hic labor, hoc opus*, she
is invited to a Feast, and a pretended

Friend or Relation, who is no more of kin to her than Sir George is to the Dragon; however he comes to her, and she Salutes him by the name of Cousin, good Cousin, dear Cousin; and her Mother to Palliate the Business calls him so too, she knowing the better how to manage that Amorous Affair, because it hath been her own Condition formerly; but the Husband is unwilling to have her go, alledging many faint and frivolous Excuses; but to take off all Jealousie from the Good-Man, her Friend will say, in good Faith Cousin, I have no mind at all to go to this Feast, I have business to do, nor would I set a foot over the Threshold, God knows my heart, were it not for yours, and my she Cousins Credit; and you know 'tis neither Modest, nor Modish for a Gentlewoman of her Ranck to go Visiting without an Attendant; tho I am satisfied she is averse to any such kind of Promenade, or Collation; for of all Women, that ever I knew, when she is abroad she makes such ado to go home, that she almost disturbs the Company. The silly Fop now begins to incline and grant the Request; but first asks what Company they expect at this Entertainment

ment ? Excellent Company indeed Cousin ; there will be your Mother-in-Law, my Wife, your Cousin, Mr. such a one's Daughter, and most of the good Neighborhood ; Company fit for a Princess, Men and Women of Quality. Well (quoth the Man) you may go, for this once, but I hope you don't intend to make a Trade on't, have a care of your self, and be sure you do not bring night home with you. Leave being thus obtained, the subtil Lady feigns an-unwillingness, saying, indeed Love, I care not for going out at present, let me intreat you that I may stay at home ; but he having a great Confidence in the Cousin, says, nay, nay, sweet Heart, I would not have you so ungentele, as to disappoint the Neighbours, since you are ready, and the Assignation was before intended, prethee, Child go ; whereupon away she frisks like the Lightning, with her Cousin Gallant, fleeing all the way at the contented one at home, saying that he has some small sinack of Jealousie, and a great deal of Reason for it : To the Place they come, and no sooner arrived, but she is Nobly received for her Husband's sake, Treated with Aires, Balls, Banquets, and a thou-

sand pretty little Frolicks and amorous
 Gambals, not fit to be here mentioned :
 All her Lovers are now met together,
 like Flies in Summer, every one intend-
 ing to have a lick at her Hony-pot; e-
 very one Putting forward, as he finds
 opportunity. One Complements her
 at a very Modish rate; the other Pre-
 sents her with a rich Diamond; one
 gives her the gentle Tread on the Toe,
en passant, as the French man hath it;
 the other gives her the Amorous Squeeze
 of the hand; another leaning dispon-
 dently upon his Elbow reaches her with
 a Languishing Eye; So that she must
 needs be void of all sense, if she de-
 part without understanding all their
 good Intentions. Thus every Spark en-
 deavours (as much as in him lies) to
 make her Husband bear the Turkish
 Ensign of Christian Matrimony in the
 Van; which at last proves the occasion
 of her shame and his sorrow; for either
 by the Mis-management, or Mis-timing
 of her Amorous Designs, or the disco-
 very of her Frolicks by some special
 Friend or Relation, the Husband comes
 to understand the whole Truth, and
 nothing but the Truth, which drives
 him into a strange Paroxysm of Pro-
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found Melancholy, that all the Hellebore among the Anticyræ can never recover him: If he attempt to strike her that won't do, but only add fuel to her Fire; that will take off her Affection, so that she will never dally with him, but only to pass away the time, for want of better Company, and make use of him only as a Cloak to shrew'd and conceal her Laciviousness. Thus is the poor Gentleman sensible of the second Matrimonial Solace, being now fast bound to Ixion's wheel of Misery, where he must Live in a most Languishing, and Dye in a very Miserable Condition.

The third Comfort of Matrimony.

THE Youngsters of this Wanton Age, are so high fed, live so much at ease, their Blood is so plentiful and Sprightly, that they cannot contain themselves long without an Evacuation of the Extravagancies of the fourth Concoction, and so must take a Wife (the Remedy oftentimes proving worse than the Disease) and so eagerly pursue their own Misery and Discontent: For our young Couple being now Married, at the usu-

al time, the Teeming Bonny Girl grows big, tho possibly (as it too frequently falls out) not by the supposed Father ; and now he begins to understand the Misery, Trouble and Affliction of a wedded Life ; now must the poor Fellow trot all about the Town on his Wife's Errands, to purchase all things that may please her, if possible ; for now she begins to be squeemish, her Stomach fails, grows weak and peevish, like her self, and nothing will down with her now but what is of the best ; now he must trudge about night and day, ransack Heaven and Earth for Delicacies to cherish and comfort her, and empty his Purse to fill her Paunch with Dainties ; and this pleasant life must be led for six or seven Months together, while his Wife Pampers her Carkas at home, and can scarce get a good word for his Pains (a poor Gratitude for his Kindness) nay probably complains she is not so carefully provided for, as other Women in her Condition ; altho the poor Man rises early, goes to bed late, and eats the bread of Carefulness, contriving all ways possible for the Provision of his Family ; but this is not all, the time of her falling in pieces draws

near,

near; and here the poor Fellow is expos'd to a world of Charge and Trouble; out he must to procure Godfathers and Godmothers, and such as she approves of too, for in this he is not allow'd the freedom of his own Election; the Midwife must be fetcht, dry and wet Nurses provided (a sort of chargeable Sluts, who will lap up more good liquor in one day, than the Husband swallows in a whole week) in short her Throes come very thick upon her, and she is surrounded with a Crew of Gossiping Neighbours; the Good-man in the mean time is at his Devotiou for her safe Delivery, which being over, then all his Care is to please the Woman in the Straw, and her Twatling Companions, who eat and drink merrily, and he spares no cost to entertain them; and if any thing displeases them, 'tis forty to one but one of the Gossips starts up and says; in troth, Mrs. I do very much wonder, and so does all the Company, that your Husband takes no more care of you and your Child, especially being your first born; what would he do, I trow, had you five or six? says another, I'll assure you, If my Husband should serve me so, I would study night and

and day to be reveng'd of him; Indeed, says a third, I would not have you put up this Affront patiently; for if he serves you thus at the first, his usage will be courser to you hereafter. Cousin, says a fourth; I admire that you being so discreet a Woman, and of a good Family, that you can endure his unworthy Behaviour to you, especially in this weakly Condition: Alas! replies the Wife, I know not what to do with him, he is so cross and unkind to me. Upon my word saith the other he is an ill natur'd Man, that he is not here in Person to attend on this good Company: Then starts up a Bold, Imperious Housewife, and thus begins to Chatter; All the Neighbours here know very well, that it was a common Rumor of my Husband, that he was the untowardest man in the World, and would often threaten to break my bones, and be the Death of me; but I thank my Stars for it, and my undaunted Spirit together, that I have tam'd him sufficiently; I have brought him now to that pass, that he dares as well eat his nails, as do any thing to disoblige me. 'Tis very true, when we were first Married he began to be Lofty and Malepert, but I pluckt
up

up a good Spirit, set my foot in the Stirrup, rode him with a Bit and a Snaffle, till I quite tired, and cur'd him of his Resty, Skittish Humour: infomuch that he has confest there is no good to be done with me by foul means; nay, if he had kill'd me, I was resolv'd never to Truckle under him; and now I can say and do what I please without the least Contradiction; for I will have the last word, right, or wrong; so that now he crosses the Cudgels to me, and submits: and I will assure you Gentlewomen, there's no Man living, how perverse soever, but his Wife may bring him to be Complaisant, if she takes right measures, and manage him with Discretion; therefore, pray Neighbour, when your Husband comes home, ring him such a Peal as may make his Ears glow, and his Heart ake, or you'll never get the better on him as long as you have a day to live. Thus these Gossiping Baggages having cloy'd themselves with good Wine and plentiful Chear, abuse the poor Man for his Pains, and by their advise sets the Husband and Wife at variance, the Curse of parting Man and Wife light on them for their pains. Well being thus gorged well

with Edibles and Potables, away they go, and leave the Woman to play her part according to their goodly Instructions. At length home the Husband returns, having undergon the Drudgery of the day with care and pains, and no sooner enters his own doors, but he enquires how his Wife does; the Nurse, like an Instructed dissembling Slut, makes answer that she is in a very weak condition, and this bout had like to have cost her Life; I have tended several in my time, but your Wife is the weakest Woman I ever looked to in all my Life; thus they Teaze the foolish Man, who cannot rest till he hath seen his Wife; into the Chamber he goes, and the first Salutation is, how is't my Dear? Truly Love, very sick and weak; I am very sorry for it; and fear you fast too much: I cannot eat, my Appetite is Pall'd and gone: Well, I will order you some Gelly-broths and Caudles to comfort you: Which he does accordingly, and sends them to her: Thus tir'd and worn out with running about all day long, he calls for some Refreshment, which is brought him, heing only the Reversions of the Servants, which he is content with, whilst his Wife is Cherish'd with
cost-

costly and comfortabe Draughts, he only swells his empty Maw, with Flatulent and sower Sixes; and so to bed he packs with his head full of care and sleep; In the morning up he gets by break of day, visits his Wife, and asks her how she rested; alas! (saith she) I have not so much as closed my eyes, or had one wink of sleep all this night, tho she rested as well and soundly as if she had taken a Dose of *Opium*. My Heart, saith he, the Gossips will be hear to day, and you must make much of them, and you should think of rising to entertain them; for you have kept your Bed above a fortnight; Love, we must be as saving as we can, Charges are great, and I have much ado to keep both ends together. Think of rising! (says the Wife) a Curse on the hour I was born, O, that I had died in Labour, and then there had been an end of me! Is it come to this indeed; must I rise already, and am not able to stand upon my Leggs? Do you long to see me drudging about the House before I am able to creep? You are a very Kind Man, a most Loving Husband indeed; I find now you wish me dead, so do I too. Well! well! I am content to Rise to morrow, come on't

on't what will, I do very well foresee what I must undergo for the time to come; What would you do, if I had ten or twelve Children, which God forbid, and if it be his will I hope this is the last? but God's will be done. As for Gossips coming to see me, I had rather they would stay at home, and so they would if they knew how little their Visit pleases me; nor would you yourself (if you had any respect for me) promote their coming, when here were twenty Discreet Women at least, who came to see me with a great deal of Kindness and Respect, and the Chear you provided for them, I would be ashamed to set before their Servants; this istruth, Sir, I saw it with my own eyes, overwhelm'd with Tears, to see that they should in a slighting scoffing way take notice of it. Well, my Dear, you are soon moved I find to Passion, tho I give you no occasion; but satisfie your self, that henceforth, I shall be content that you please your self, and rise when you think it convenient. Do what you please, Sir, only I beg of you to talk to me no longer; for I am very full of Pain, and would desire you to send to our Neighbours not to come because I

am

am so much Indisposed; Love, says he, they shall come, and be well Treated too; for Gods sake let me alone, and do what you will. Then one of the Nurses attacks him with her deceitful Tongue, pray Sir do not force my Mistris to speak, it is very dangerous, for she is a very weak Woman, and if the Wind gets into her head, it will do her an irreparable Injury (O, brave Doctors!) then she draws the Curtains, and the Wife and the Husband are not yet Reconcil'd; however she expects the Gossips, who will Act their parts so effectually, and give him such Flouts and Jeers, which will so tame him, that he may be easily led any where by the Nose for ever after. However away he goes and makes Provision for them in a more plentiful manner, by reason of the Reproof he received from his Wife. The Gentlewomen at the time appointed appear, he welcomes them all, and conducts them to his Wife's Chamber; where they and the sick Woman Eat and Drink heartily, to more than a becoming Festivity, and Flirt and Joke with the Master of the House, till they have quite dispirited him, and made him a mere Mammou-

mouchy ; so that now he is content to do any thing for a quiet Life, Dandle the Brat in his Arms, dry his pist Clouts on his Horns, for fear the Nurse curse him, or else his Wife (having got the better end of the Staff) tels him plainly he shall never more enter her Premises. This comfortable Life he must lead ; his Wife must be maintained at a high rate, and have her Will in all things ; he must live Meanly and Penuriously, having his will in nothing ; and thus he is caught in the Net, where he struggles to no purpose, for there he must Live, in spite of Fate, Despicably, and dye Wretchedly.

The fourth Comfort of Matrimony.

WHen a Man hath been so Injurious to himself as to abandon a single Life, and run headlong upon Marriage, without any Reason or Sense ; and having lived in the state of Marriage for the space of ten, or twenty years, hath his Table surrounded with Children, and the black Ox hath trode upon his Foot, all that he can do, is only to keep the Wolf from the door, Charges daily increasing ; and
among

among them three or four Daughters Marriageable, but not as yet disposed of, whose good Qualities (I mean Pride and Insolence) are too Notorious to the World, and the Father hath little, or no Portion to bestow upon them ; he, poor Gentleman, must be in a kind of Troublesome Condition ; for his Daughters must be maintained gently at home, and well attired when they go abroad *a la Mode*, for these three Reasons . First, that they may be the sooner put off, and by thier Mincing gate and gay Garb, bait some Spark or other into the Net of Marriage. Secondly, if their Father be Hide-bound, and will not do it, he shall have his hands and his Heart full, and they will do little, or nothing for him, presuming upon their Mother, who countenanceth them in so doing, like a Dutiful Wife. Thirdly, the young women in the Neighbourhood are maintained Finely and well habited, and so must they too, and why not, as well as other mens Children of the same Rank and Quality? Thus is the Man wearied out of his Life, if he drudge not in the world to support their Pride and Vanity, tho Probably to their utter Ruin : Sometimes he beats the
hoof

hoof twenty or thirty Miles about Business, or, if he be Master of an Horse, rides at other times 100. to attend the Parliament, or Courts in Term-time about a Law-suit, which hath been depending from his Child-hood, so that he is forced, to save Charges, to go very meanly accoutred; having a pair of Boots, which are Nine or Ten years old, and have been so often vamp'd and mended, that, like *Drake's Ship*, they have not one piece of their first materials; his Spurs were made in *Harry the 8th's* time, and one of them wants the great gingling Rowel: His Cloaths so mean and aged, that they will scarce hang together, by the assistance of Patching, so as to cover his Nakedness, or keep his Body from the Injury of the Weather: The Sword he wears is a Hacking Morglay, which some of his Ancestors took at the Siege of *Troy*: His Beast carries behind him an old Knapsack, that his Fore-fathers used at the Siege of *Boulogne*; The Livery he gives is well known, for the Antiquity thereof, both in City and Country, the Coat being worn so short that it scarce reaches the Pocket-holes, and in good faith, 'tis like to be long enough, e'r it be longer: In short thus he lives

lives sparingly abroad, to balance the great Expences at home, whither he returns with a heavy Heart, and a light Purse, the Lawyers, Attorneys, Solicitors and Bailiffs, having sufficiently Purg'd his Bags, and sent him away with a Flea in his ear. Being arrived at his own Apartment, behold now his Comfortable Reception; his kind Welcome by his Wife! who as soon as she espies him, insted of Embracing, treats him with a sower Countenance, finds fault with some miscarriage in the House, stamps and storms, like a Bethlemite, the Servants being all at her back, dare not give any Respect or Attendance; The good-natured Elf, dares not open his mouth for any thing, till the storm is over, bears all Patiently, without the least noise, to prevent a disturbance in his Family, and sets him down some distance from the Fire, tho very cold, she and her Children keeping all the heat from him; at length being moved with her Dogged and Curriish Usage toward him, he may say, methinks Mistress, you look very Surly upon me, as if I had offended you, pray get me somewhat to refresh me, for I am almost spent and tir'd off of my Legs, being wet to the

the skin, having neither Eat, nor Drunk this day, and yet you cannot so much as afford me a pleasant Look: Yes; saith she, I had need take Care of you indeed, you have spun a fair thred, I have lost more by my Hemp and Flax since your absence, than you will get these five years, by taking your Man along with you, so that I had no body to help me to Soak, or Whiten it; besides, I have often wisht you since your departure at the Devil's Ars of Peak, that you did not stop the holes in the Hen-house; for the stinking Pole-Cat hath eaten three of my best Laying Hens, whose loss is not so inconsiderable as you imagine, and if you steer this Course, you will be certainly one of the Poorest Men in your Family: Pray, saith he, Mistris, don't you give me such Language, God be praised, I am content with what I have, and shall have more if it be his will, besides there are still some Charitable, good People in my Family; good, for what? says she, for nothing? I know but few of them, if any, worth the mentioning; Ay, saith the Husband, I say good People: And what good do they do you? What good? as much good as yours; say you so sweet Sir, but

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He be bold to tell you to your teeth, and spit in the face of those that shall dare to oppose it, that yours had been a poor stock, had it not been for the frequent Supplies of my Friends and Relations, and if they should hear you say half so much to me, they would tell you your own, in good faith would they. Well prethee, sweet heart (faith he) be not so High, let us leave off this Discourse: and so he is forced to acquiesce, for fear her Friends should be acquainted therewith. Well the Fray is not yet over, for it happens that one of the little Children falls a crying, and as it falls out, 'tis the Father's Darling, whom she whips severely, more to spite him, than any thing else; prethee woman, faith he, why are you so sharp with the Child? in the Devil's name, faith she, what do you concern your self, you are not at the trouble of bringing them up, or looking after them? that is my Drudgery, Night and Day, as long as I am able to stand upon my Legs; shame on you, must I be thus Control'd by you, that I must not Correct my own Child? If I take him up agen, I'll flea him, and do you seek your Remedy. Then says the Nurse, indeed Sir you are not at home

to

to see it, nor do you know what a heavy hand my Lady has in bringing them up: by my faith (saith the Chambermaid) it is a stark shame, that when you come home, instead of our rejoicing at your Company, you create nothing but Disturbance and Noise among us; Noise, saith the Lady, go you Fool, this is nothing in comparison of what I have taken at his hands, and must do so still, as long as it pleaseth my good God. Thus the whole Family, by the Instigation of the Mistris, is up in Arms against their Master, who creeps to bed Supperless and Comfortless, the Children in the Night, bawling about his ears, that he can take no rest, which is done on purpose to disturb him; thus he spends his days in Care, and his Nights in Torment; and so we leave him to enjoy the Fruit of his Folly.

The fifth Comfort of Matrimony.

Love, or Lust, call it what you please; may be counted, if at all, pardonable in Young; but in old Men, 'tis not to be indur'd; when they have exhausted their *humidum radicale*, their Bodies being invaded by Rheum and

and those many Infirmities that attend old Age. This is the Case at present of our Grave Senior who is Married to a Young, brisk Girl of a Nobler extraction than himself; but certainly there is reason in this, for she might have been Matcht to a far greater advantage, but her Friends were forced to dispose of her to any one, God wot, being but of a crackt Reputation, and having had a sbrew'd mischance, the effect of her Youthful Wantonness; and tho this hath been frequently discour's'd of about the Town, yet the doting Cornuto, is too Credulous to believe any such Rampant stories, but stands highly in her Vindication. Thus, he being well stricken in years, abandons all Sports and Pleasures, and only studies to turn the Penny to advantage, that he may maintain her according to her port, Gentilely: But his Lady being of a Generous Temper and in the Vigor of her Youth, is no way inclinable to that Closefisted humor of her Avaricious Bedfellow, but resolved 'to pass her time Jovially, and swim in delight and Pleasure. To this purpose her first Intrigue

trigue is to get a Gallant, which is soon done by the opportunities she has at Treats and Meetings, whether she daily rambles, and an Assignment being made, they meet, and embrace one another without Controle, or suspicion; for her Honor must be still preserved untainted; and having diverted themselves with all the Amorous Sports and Love-Toys, that Wantonness ever could invent, the next sport is to Drol at her Aged Husband, who is buffooned on all sides by all Persons, but more particularly and bitterly by her Ladyship. Well, home she returns, big with expectation of her Gallants appointed Visit the next Morning, and to bed with her Husband she goes, with as much Love as the Devil has for Holy Water; and by that time his Frozen Limbs are somewhat thaw'd with natural heat, the Cuckoldly Goat must be up and at her; but she pretends she is very Ill, and Drowsy, inclinable to sleep; therefore pray saith she let me alone, you will infinitely oblige me if you will forbear till Morning, and then I shall be fit for your service; at which the Old Oaf turns for fear of dis-

displeasing her, whose head runs up-
on nothing but Meeting with her
Friend, and contrives with all, (Con-
sulting with her Pillow) how to put
off the Old Man, that he shall not
touch her, when morning comes;
which she cunningly effects, as follow-
eth; either she rises very early, and
leaves the old Gentleman fast (for
Age is Childish, and consequently
sleepy for the most part) and is satis-
fied, or tired with her Gallant, before
Father Graybeard awakes; and then
rummageth about the House playing
the Good Housewife, seemingly; or
otherwise, she doth not rise at all; but
before day appears, she sighes and
Groans on purpose that the Good
Gentleman may hear her, who present-
ly asks her how she is; indeed, Love,
saith she I have such a pain in my side,
accompanied with the Gripes, that
I can take no rest, I think it is my old
pain; prethee, sweet heart, turn to
me; upon my Faith, my Dear, I am
all in a sweat and dare not for fear of
catching cold, which may cost me my
Life, being of a weak Constitution;
then he covers her close up, bids her
be careful of her self, and he will take

care of her Household Affairs : up he gets without fire or Candle, and procures her a fire against her rising ; thus she takes her ease, and laughs in her sleeve at the Old Mans folly, when he understands she is up, he comes to see her very lovingly, and begins to be Amorous, but she having a mind to disappoint him, says, would it were Gods will that you would never meddle with me, till I did ask you ; and would you not then, says he ? no, upon my Conscience, Love, I think not, and had I known but as much before, I would never have Married ; Why then did you Marry, saith he ? indeed, Love, I know not, I was but a Young Girl, and did it in obedience to the Commands of my Parents ; what is the meaning on't, sweet heart, you are always in this humor ? I do not know ; but indeed, Love, were it not to please you, I would never be troubled with due Benevolence, as you call it : thus she Wheedles the superannuated Fop into a strange conceit of her Chastity ; so that this perswasion increaseth the Flame of his Affection, which he thinks can never be extinguished. But now observe the damn'd subtilty of a Wily Woman,

who

who never wants one contrivance or other to chouse any one she hath a mind to please. If she has a mind to Cajole him out of Cloaths, Rings, Jewels, Monies, or any thing that she fancies, the Scene is quite altered; then, when they are both warm in bed, how the dissembling Gipsie, Kisses, Hugs and Squeezes him in her Arms, till his old bones rattle in his skin, and helps his aged heaviness with her youthful Activity, so that the old Man is in a kind of Extasie, to find her so prodigal of her Favour and Kindness; prethee my Dear, saith she, have a great care of yourself, for my sake, as well as your own; for my Life is bound up with yours, and one Grave must contain us both; Would to God I had no other Paradise on this side Heaven but to be Intombed in your Arms, this I speak Cordially, God is my Witness; and if any Man did ever touch my Lips, but your self, and my Cousin, (and you allow of that by Commanding me to do it,) then let my Punishment be never to receive Kiss or Embrace from you more; and that I am sure would soon break my poor Heart; for I am confident there is not a sweeter Natured Man in the Universe, than you

are. No, Love, saith he, except the Gentleman that Courted you before me: Pish, Pish, says she, upon thy Honour, I was smitten with you the first time I saw you; tho at a distance, I may very safely swear it was Love at first sight; I think 'twas a match made in Heaven; for my Father would have married me to that Gentleman, but I would never consent to it; I can give no Reason for it, but it was Decreed it should be so. Thus she procures what she designed, tho at never so dear a rate, and this kind of Carcassing soon opens the Miser's Coffers; who knows her temper so well, that she will never give over till she has her will, whatsoever it costs. Now she begins, being furnished, to think of other things; her Gallant that she formerly maintained, must like her overworn Apparel, be laid aside, and a new, Rich one embraced; but she is too crafty to be too forward, and keeps him at a bay for a time, refuseth his Presents and Visits, till her Plots are brought to Maturity: The young Gentleman is Enamored, and wants an opportunity to meet with her Maid, which he soon meets with: Sweet Heart, quoth he, I must have a little Talk with you; that
you

you may Sir if you please; you know
faith he, the extreme Passion that I have
for your Lady; do you think there is a-
ny possibility of obtaining my desires?
Did she ever mention me since the last
Interview? In truth Sir, she never opens
her lips, but to your Commendation,
and I am satisfied she wishes you well:
well, Child, I do wholly Confide in you,
do but have me so much in your thoughts
as now and then to speak a good word
for me, and you shall be no looser by it;
I will bestow a new Gown upon you,
and here are five Guineys to buy you
Gloves; Excuse me Sir, faith she, I
shall not take them; but indeed Sweet
Heart you shall, and so at length with
some little perswasion, like a right Maid,
she cries Nay and takes it: Away she
hastens to her Lady, and acquaints her
that she had met with her Gallant; well,
and what says he? why, faith, Madam,
I think he is a little Lunatick, upon your
account; for he neither knows what he
does, or says: But how dost thou like
him, Girl? good Faith, Madam, I
look upon him to be the most Comely,
Complete Gentleman that ever I set my
eye on in my Life; and I am of Opini-
on, that he will be a very Fond and

Faithful Lover; nay he is a Gentleman every Inch of him, hath a very good Estate, and is able to Gratifie your Kindnesses, by which Means you may embrace a Happy and Comfortable piece of Gallantry, as long as you have the Enjoyment of each others Society. Introth I am at a loss, almost at my Wits end, I can get nothing out of my Husband, but what is absolutely necessary; Pray, Madam, Consider of it; for I promised to return him an answer to morrow; but how Girle, shall we curry this Horse? how shall we manage this Affair? As for that, Madam, let me alone I beseech you, I shall meet him to morrow-morning, and then I'll tell him plainly, that you would not so much as lend the least ear to my discourse, or consent to any thing requested, do what I could, being so tender of your Honour and Reputation, and I am sure I can Act a Dissembling Part pretty well. In the morning, after she had made him attend two hours at least, they meet together according to Appointment. How now, Sweet Heart, says the Gallant, how is it with your Lady? very Thoughtful and Pensive, full of Grief and Sorrow for the ill Usage of her Husband, who is so wicked a Man

to

to her, that it is not to be beleived what the Poor Gentlewoman undergoes: I am sorry for't, quoth he, with all my heart; but what did your Lady say to you? upon my faith Sir, I spake to her, for which I have gained a great deal of ill Will; she would not so much as hear me, nor Consent to any thing propos'd, so highly doth she prize her Reputation, and if she had a mind to be kind to her Neighbors, and Love them as her self, she is under an *Italian* Slavery, being so kept in and Watcht by the old Lump of Jealousie, her Husband. I do not remember, that she ever exchanged a word with any Man in discourse, since I have waited upon her, and I have been her Servant these four years and upward, but only with your self the other day, and she remembers you still, and for ought I know, to be plain with you, would sooner Love you, then any one in the World. Dear Child, saith he, bring but that about, and I'll be your Eternal Friend. Truly Sir saith she, I have done already all that lies in my power as to that, and dare not attempt any further, but in any thing else feasible Command me, and I'm your Servant. Prethee, advile me what to do

in this Case; why, your best way will be to make an Address to her your self, and now is the most Critical time in the World; for she and her Husband are at variance, and you will find her at Church, where you may make your Amours to her, Carefs her, and present her, tho I'm confident she'l refuse all; but no matter for that, she'l have a greater Esteem for you, notwithstanding her Denial, and will set a higher value upon your Generosity and worth then you can possibly imagine, do as I Council you, and so all happiness attend you (Sanctified advise indeed in so Sanctified a Place to make the Church a Brothel House, and Religion a Pander to sordid Lust!). when you have acted your part as I have told you, saith this She Emissary of the Devil, give me what you intend her as a Present, and I will so order the matter, that she shall accept of it, or do my utmost endeavour tho I lose my labor. You say very well my Dear Child, and so they part. Away runs this Gigling Baggage, and finishing at her Lady; upon my Soul, Madam, there are a great many persons in the world, who would wish for your Happiness; for he is resolv'd to Accost you,

you, and discover his whole mind; now summon all your discretion together; let this be your dernier effort, as the French man terms it; carry your self strangely to him, and hold him in suspense for a time; for you know, 'tis Expectation makes a blessing dear, but be sure you be not so severe in your deportment as to Dash the Young Gentleman quite out of Countenance. Thus full fraughted with hopes, she hastens to Church, simulated by Lechery rather than Devotion; where arrived, her Gallant attacks her, but she will consent to nothing, nor accept of his Presents; however she entertains him so favorably, that he may plainly discover her Affection to be more then ordinary; so they take leave with a light heart, and the Lady and her waiting Gentlewoman Consult how to manage the Business cleanly without suspicion: I am satisfied Madam, saith her Maid, that he has a longing desire to be wrapt up in your Embraces, and I will tell him my Master is gone into the Country for some time, and bring him the back way to your Chamber, in the deepest silence of the Night, (the Securest time for such Secreties) yet so that you shall seem

to

to be altogether ignorant of my Designe, and Counterfeit a real Passion for so strange and unworthy a surprisal, and withal acquaint him that you will cry out, and call upon me, and what he presents you with by my hands, do you obstinately refuse at first; Hide me for it before his face, press me to return it, but yet I hope you will have the grace at last to accept it, for in truth there is no dealing in this World with Men, but by out-doing them in Female-Craft, the only weapons we have to defend ourselves against that Sex. Now this Cunning Wench finds out the Gallant, who asks her what News? In short Sir (saith she) not to Trifle away time, which is very pretious, if I could prevail with her to accept the present you intend her, the Business would be done effectually, and to your satisfaction; the Gallant being ravished with her discourse, immediately puts fifty Guinies into her hand, as a present of his Affection to her Lady. Well Sir saith she, I will undertake one thing more; for I know my Lady has a kindness for you; therefore come you the back way, in the dead time of the Night, now my Master is absent, and I will convey you to her Chamber,

she

she being Childish and consequently Sleepy, you will have the better opportunity to uncloath your self, and to bed to her without delay, or Ceremony, and in all Probability the Business will be done; for when you both are naked in one bed, and in the dark too, there is a great Probabilty of prevailing; come, come Sir, Women are Flesh and Blood, as well as Men, and subject to Failings, as well as they; I question not but you know the old Proverb, Faint Heart, never won Fair Lady, therefore be Brisk and Active, and you need not despair of obtaining your desire, I'll pawn my Reputation for it. The Lady is informed of all Passages between them, the Present accepted, and the Chamber-maid finds the Lover at the Place and time appointed, Conveys him to her Lady's Chamber, and so leaves him: Now you may imagine that his Desires being winged with Love, he was not long disrobing himself; he steals into bed, and embraces her in his Arms, at which she seems to startle out of a feigned slumber, and says, what, my Dear, is it you? No, Madam, it is I, says the Gallant? how you? saith she, who are you? this is not to be endured; whereupon she struggles

struggles to rise, calls upon her Gentlewoman, twice or thrice, but alas! to no purpose; and great pity 'tis, that in such a time of Necessity the Maid would give her no answer: ah! saith she, I'm betrayed, and struggles for it, till her breath faileth her, so that she was at his Mercy, who treated her very kindly, and she had only such gentle usage as she expected, and they both design'd; yet, to speak the truth, Men are to blame for these rude assaults; and what could a poor, weak Woman do alone, who durst not cry out as loud, as she would, for fear of losing her Reputation? but to make the best of a bad Market, here's their Comfort still, the Curtains cannot, and the Maid dares not tell any Tales. Thus they made the best improvement of their time, and when they had sufficiently solaced themselves, they parted amicably, till they should have an opportunity to reenjoy their delights, the next Assignment. But at length by some unlucky accident or other, old *Erra Pater* the Husband comes to be certainly informed of the whole matter, and indeed more than he car'd to hear, which puts him into a Raving Jealous Fit of Melancholy; he stamps and stares like

like one distracted, but she being now
flesh'd with Lust, and seasoned with
Impudence, gives him as good as he
brings, upbraids him with his Beggerly
Relations, Laughs him to scorn, and
this is the only Mirth he is like to enjoy
with a continuando, till at last dried up
with grief, and shrivled with Age, he
brings his Gray-hairs with sorrow to
the Grave.

The sixth Comfort of Matrimony.

THE next Married Couple we meet
with enjoy the Comforts of Ma-
trimony, as much as any of the five pre-
ceding: and here it is the fortune of a
poor Man, to be Wedded to a Woman
of so cross and domineering a Temper,
that she in the first will wear the Bree-
ches, and the Cap too, so that the poor
Gentleman at home is like *John Ho'ds-
my-staff*, she must Rule, Govern, Insult,
Brawl, understand all concerns at home
and abroad, answer all businesse, man-
age all affairs, tho she be never so well
maintained and want for nothing, yet
yet he must be in the Familie like a meer
Cipher, and her whole delight and de-
sign is to Plague and torment him. And
thus

thus she begins with him, when they have past away the night very sportingly, and enjoy'd the delights of the Marriage-bed, as all good People ought to do, her Husband leaves her in a very good humor, to dress and Trim herself up, he in the mean time while she is Tricking, takes care of the Domestik affairs, and when Dinner is ready sends for his Wife to accompany him; but word is brought she will not Dine to day; go agen (saith he) and bid her come, the Maid goes and tells her, Mistress, my Master desires you to come, go and tell him once more, that I will not come; the Good-man is not satisfied with this Answer, but sends a third time, but to no purpose; so that at length he goes himself, and asks her why she will not come to Dinner; not a word will she give him; what ail'st thou, my Dear? not a Syllable will she return, but pout and Frown; he inquires of the Familie what is the Reason, but cannot receive any satisfaction; when as the truth is, she ailes nothing, but only resolves to be Dogged, and perhaps will not come to Dinner, do what he can; at other times, possible he may prevail with her, when he hath begged.

begged of her so long till the meat is spoiled at the Fire, or cooled on the Table, and then he leads her to Dinner, but she has no stomach, not one Morfel will go down, and he like a Fop, to comply with her froward humor will fast likewise; but the more fool he, for the more kindness he shows her, the more she slights him; and in my opinion she is to be commended, for what needs any Woman Court his favor, that dotes upon her already? If he should despise and contemn her, then she had reason to scrue her self into his affection, if possible. Another trick she has to vex him, and that is this; when he is abroad, he sometimes accidentally meets with some of his intimate acquaintance, to whom he is infinitely obliged, and has a design to Treat them at his own House, which is more Gentile, and less chargeable then at the Tavern; away he sends his Servant to her, who when he comes, says, Mistris, my Master will be here in the Evening with three or four Friends, Persons of good repute, and desires you would provide every necessaric for their reception, Upon my faith (saith she) not I, I will have nothing to do with his Treats, why did he
not

not come himself? I dont know that, Mistris, but this he commanded me to tell you; go, go, you are a very Rogue, and meddle with that, that does not concern you. Well, to show her readines and obedience, she first sends all the Servants abroad, except a well instructed Maid or two, brought up to her own hand, that have the length of her foot exactlie, and then she whips into her Chamber, and locks her self in. When her Husband comes home, he asks if every thing be ready, according to his order; truly Sir saith the Maid, my Mistris is very Ill, and there is no bodie at home to do any thing; this puts our Master (if he may be so cald without offence) into a great Chase, but how ever leads his Friends into the Parlor, where all things are out of order, and therefore goes to his Wife, why have you served me so? saith he; Sir you do Command so many things at once, that I do not know which to turn my self to first. Fy! Fy! saith he, you have done me the greatest diskindness imaginable; for these are the only Persons in the World, that I am obliged to. And how can I help it? (sayes she) what would you have me to doe? You show
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your Wisdom in it indeed; but do what you please; for I'm sure it dont please me. But heark you Gentlewoman why did you send the Servants out of the way? God bless me, what a Question is that from a wise Man as you are? Did I know, or could I divine, think you, that you had any occasion for them? When the mischievous wretch sent them out of the way, on purpose to disappoint and Fret him. Away he goes again to his Friends in a fury, but she values it not, she knows the storm will soon blow over. To be short he bustles about, and sets all things in as good order as he can. Then he sends for some of the Table-Linnen, and word is brought there's none to be had. He goes to his Wife, and tells her what a shame and disgrace it will be, both for him and her, not to have fine Linnen, she tells him there is Linnen out already, good enough for them; for I'm sure my Friends and Relations are content with it, when they bestow a visit on us, and I'm sure they are as good as the best of them, but however to satisfy you, all the best Linnen is in the Wash, but what is under lock and key in the Trunk, and the Keys were lost this Morning; but you

you had best go, and ask the Chamber-Maid, and bid her seek them; for I know not what is become of them, I have so many things running in my head, that I do not know sometimes what I do, I am in such distraction and confusion. Then the Fop bites the lip, scratches his empty Noddle, and raps out a great Oath, being enraged (and cause enough too) that he will quickly make the Locks flie, if they do not find the keys, and that speedily too. Say you so, good Sir, quoth she, I would I could see that once, you would show a great discretion in such an action, I confess; but his heat being somewhat allay'd, he Considers she is in the right, and so they fall to what is before; the best Wine, Meat and every thing, being at her disposal, but they are like to go without it, for all her Huffing Husband. Nay they must not have clean sheets, but lie in Foul Linnen. Well, in the Morning they take their leaves, and divert themselves upon the Road with the Poor, over ridden Fools affliction, resolving never more to set foot within his doors agen. When they are gone he goes to his Wife, thinking to bestow a little moderate reproof upon her, saying, indeed,

deed, my Dear, you are a very strange Woman and I do not at all understand your froward humor: Lord bless me, saith she, what adoe you keep about me? I am weary of my Life, would I were as deep in the ground as I am high; I am up early, and down late, feeding your Poultry, looking after your Domestick Affairs, Spinning, Carding, and what not, never Idle, I am sure the Care I take will shorten my days; and yet all this does not deserve (the more's my grief) so much as one good word from you, I scrape at home and am as sparing as can be, and you spend all abroad, and yet you are not content. Thus they live a Discontented, Wretched Life, Old Age creeps upon him, Grief seizeth him; he grows a Sot, and she makes a Beast of him; and he is Intangled in the Net, and if he makes himself away, or comes to some ill End, he may thank himself for it, and verifies the old Proverb, Marriage and Hanging goes by Destiny, and there is an end of him.

The seventh Comfort of Matrimony.

THE Grave Italians have a Proverb, that Honest men Marry, but
Wife

Wise men don't, and that is the Reason we have so many Fops in the World, and so few Discreet Persons. Our next Married Couple that we shall represent to you, we will suppose to be well Matcht, and they enjoy themselves for sometime; but the clearest Sun may be often overcast with Clouds, and then according to the Lyric Poet, *Disinit in Piscem Mulier formosa superne*. A Fair Morning may end in a Lowring Evening. In the heat and vigor of Youth their days may be somewhat Pleasant; but the Woman decays not so soon as the Man, let their condition be what it will, for he is often harassed and broken with Carking Care, whilst she grows plump with Delight and Pleasure; And as for her Pain and Peril of Child-bearing, I do no more wonder at it, than at the laying of a great Eg, by a Hen, or a Goose, the ordinary effect of Nature, no more, notwithstanding all their Tittle Tattle, the Hen being always the fatter for laying, whilst the Cock scrapes and provides for her, and so doth the honest Married Man for his Wife. And when the poor Man begins to decline and grow weak and Imbecile, the good Wife continuing still very Blithe and Gamesome, then

then the former Delights, Amorous Tricks, Kind Expressions, Wanton Looks and Glances, are turned into downright Scolding, and endless Contention. Well, at length she begins to discover her good Temper, she looks sowerly upon him with a Cloudy Countenance, flights and neglects him as insufficient, and is much concern'd at the Disappointment of his Impetuous Nerve, his Heat and Activity being lost, or at least abated. Then she grows of Opinion, that God and the Laws did certainly ordain a Woman more than one Man as well in *England*, as in *Turky*, and other well-Regulated Countries, and saith she will run the *Risq*, and try how other Men are Weapon'd and Qualified for the Sport, and now the Game begins, she grows worse and worse to him, leads him a sad Life, that the Foolish Man had better a chosen a Halter, than a Wife, for the former might have prov'd the End, whereas the latter is but the beginning of his Misery: For now through her loose course of Life, the Candle burns at both ends, they live at Rack and Manger (as the old saying is) and all tends to Ruin and Destruction, both of Soul and Body. Thus she

Con-

Consumes with her unlawful Lust, what he hath Raked together by his Lawful Care and Labor: Then he capitulates with himself, and says, 'tis strange to me that my Estate should dwindle away at this rate, I am sure, I have ever had a care of the main Chance, and paid every one their own, lived sparingly, cloathed my self meanly, and all to no purpose; for I can scarce keep the Wolf from the door. At length he grows Jealous of his Wife, and imputes all his Misfortune to her Miscarriage; but upon Examination of the whole, she wheedles him so cunningly by her Womancraft, that he is satisfied those Reports of her Immodesty are false and Malicious: She Claps her hands upon his head and wishes the Devil had all that is under her hands, if ever any Man kist her but himself; and so the Fop is Reconciled to his Good Wife: Nay she proceeds farther; As for that Villain that misinformed you, since it must out, I'll tell you the whole truth of the Story; this Base, Perfidious Varlet hath been these two years attempting my Chastity, but I have hitherto, I thank my God for it, kept my self Pure and Undeiled, and repulsed him to his shame, if he has any

what any in him, notwithstanding all his large
 wful Profers and specious Pretences. Can it
 alates enter into your thoughts, sweet Heart,
 ge to that I should ever defile your Bed, away
 away with all such vain Imaginations! Can
 had it be supposed, that I should leave so
 paid Kind and Comely a Man as you are, for
 ngly, the Embraces of another? I were worse
 to no than the Devil himself, if I should take
 Wolf such Hellish Courses; however I for-
 s Jea- give him that has so basely bespattered
 ll his me; but I must beg this Favour of you,
 upon that you never suffer him to set foot
 eadles again within these doors; for if you do I
 craft, will shun him *Cane pejus & angue*, more
 f her than a curst Cur, or a poisonous Adder;
 She and I'll assure you, if I find you keep
 and the least Correspondence with him for
 under the future, I will pack up my Awls and
 er but be gon from you, and will never live
 led to with you while I have breath in my bo-
 s far- dy: God forbid that you should ever live
 infor- to see that day wherein I should defile
 ll you your Bed; no no, my Dear 'tis not come
 s Base, to that yet; and then she burst out with
 e two Tears, wringing her hands, and bitter-
 but I ly exclaiming against that Wretch with
 or it, all Imaginable Female-Invectives. Well!
 , and all is well; he is Banished the House,
 he has and the Good-man rails against him for
 any

a great Rogue, to abuse his Good, Modest Wife in so high a Nature. Thus he grows fonder and fonder, becomes a mere Ass, is Infamated by his Wife, and Transfigured by her into a Beast, without Sense or Reason. Thus she has got the Day, wears the Breeches (and those Women are Fools that do not, if they can) has freer Access to her Gallant unsuspected, than formerly, and the Fop her Husband is deaf to all Accusations: at length through this Dotage he falls into extreme Penury, and finds to his Cost, *Serā est infunda Parsimonia*, 'Tis too late to be saving, when there is nothing to save; These are the Pleasures and Comforts of a Married Life; he is made the Scorn and Scoff of the Neighbourhood; some perhaps may be so kind as to pitty the honest Man: Wise men reject him, and slight his Company; his Wife smiles at his Folly, enjoys her stolen Amours undiscovered: grows at length as common as a Barber's Chair, no sooner one is out but another's in; exposeth her Body to every Person, who is sufficiently Tool'd for her Salaciousness; and at last (as a just Reward of her Debaucherie and Laciviousness) gets the Foul Disease of some Foulter Rascal, gives it her
goud

good Husband, in Retaliation of all his fondness, so that they live in pain all the days of their lives, and at last end their days unpittied, Loathsome and wretchedly.

The eighth Comfort of Matrimony.

OUR next Married Couple that we are to discourse of are Persons well enough Matched, if they could be content with what they have; they have five or six sweet Children Living, and the Wife is as big as she can Tumble with another. The time of her delivery, and his charges draws nigh, and all things must be made ready for the good Wives that are about her; and at length after some sharp Throws, they give her over for dead; the poor man is almost at his wits end, when he first hears that dismal news, runs about like a Mad Man for help, falls on his knees, prays for her safe delivery, and at length his Prayers are heard, and she is brought to bed of a Lusty Boy. Now there is nothing but Carousing and rejoycing throughout the Family, the Tap runs a pace, but the Gossips Tongues, oyld with Liquor, faster, interlarded with smuttry discourse,

discourse, suitable to the present occasion. The Spring of the Year is now coming on, and every one of any Quality is preparing for the Country to View Natures Green Tapestry, and hear the Warbling Nightingale Carol her sweet Notes in the pleasant serenity of the quiet Evening, and among the rest, the Wife must go to take the Country-Air after her lying in, and 'tis but requisite for her healths sake: but how to perswade him to take this Journey, ther's the business. Now she begins to set all Engines at work to that purpose; first she comes home discontented, and is very Snappish to her Husband; what's the matter? Love! saith he, what makes you so out of humor? the matter, quoth she, I think I have reason enough, the Child is very much distempered with a Violent Burning, in so much, that the Nurse protests to me (tho it was a long time 'ere I could get it out of her) that the poor Babe hath not taken the Breast these four dayes. I am heartily troubled, and know not how to help my self; but that which afflicts me most is, that upon my conscience, I beleive God Almighty punishes the Child for my sins, for I made a vow to go into the Country,

try,

try, and I shall never be at rest, till I have performed it. Why, sweet heart, saith he, have a little Patience, the time is not yet elapsed, you need not be so hasty: I have a great deal of business to dispatch, and that of Concernment too, now when that is over you shall go where you please. In troth, saith she, don't tell me of business, I must go, and I will go, there's no necessity for my stay, I'm sure I can do you no service; and as for the charges, which I know is all your grief and fear, I will pinch them out some way, or other, tho I abate it in House-keeping; This you do to perswade the world what a good Husband you are; but if the truth were known, you will be found to save at the Spigot, and let it run out at the Bung-hole. The Poor Man being thus Schooled by his Wife, must provide for this Journey, or else all the Fat's in the Fire; there will be no quietness, if she does not go abroad. Well the time is come, and they must set forward. Horses, are provided, and a new Riding-Garb for the Wife, and he himself goes along with her, and he must be as Tractable as a Spaniel upon the Road; his Wife his alwayes wanting one thing,

or other; the Stirrup is too short, or too long, the Pillion is not well fixt, her Scarf flies off; the Horse Trots too hard, and makes her sick, so that she must light and take a Walk, then she must be helpt up again, and this unnecessary trouble hath the Fop brought upon himself, besides the distillations that she is troubled with every quarter of a Mile, she having the Diabetes, and cannot hold water long. Being arriv'd at the place intended; she is discomposed with her Journey, and her stomach grows so nice, that it Kecks at such Course food, as Beef and Mutton, and she must have a Fowl to pick upon. Well away goes the contented tool, and Trudges about the Town for some Dainty bit to please his Lady, cost it never so much; for you know, far sought, and dear bought is fit for such Cattle; and when he comes home, if his Marketting displeaseth her, then she as well as the rest of her Sex falls fowl of the Good-man, saying, in truth you are the strangest that ever was, you are not at all fit to Travel; you are not at all Complaisant, you know not how to oblige our Sex. The Patient Fop hears all and bears all, being accustomed to

to such kind of reproof, as much as the Tinkers Dog is to carry the Budget. After they have solaced themselves at this Pleasant rate, as long as she thinks convenient, home they return, find all things out of order, the Horse dead in the Stable, the Servants Gadding abroad after their own Invention, all their Mony spent, that he cannot buy any more, and therefore must foot it about his own occasions; and she will not set her hand to do the least chair in the House, till she hath had a Fort-nights rest after her Travelling; only go a visiting, Chat with her Gossips, and complain of the unserviceableness of her Husband throughout the whole Journey. The poor Man he settles to work, endeavours to set all things to rights, takes a great deal of pains; and if any thing is in fault, he's hit in the Teeth with it; but if any thing be well and in order, that must be imputed to her good management. In fine she is so taken with her Country Journey, that she is resolved to be Travelling once a year, what ever comes on't; and he shall be at the charge of it. Thus his Expenses increase with his years, he is afflicted with the Wracking Gout and

which is a worse Distemper, a Froward Woman, that makes the small Remainder of his days Comfortless; for she will Rule the Roast, must have her will in all things, she will be Mistris and Govern, whilst he stands only for a Cipher at home, and at length through Grief and Discontent, becomes a mere Skeleton, and Languisheth away to nothing.

The Ninth Comfort of Matrimony.

WHen a Man hath once thrown himself into the Net, or rather Prison of a Family, and taken a Brisk Wife, then the Comforts of Marriage daily flow in upon him: This Wife you must understand a Haughty, Proud Spirited Woman, and would fain Domineer over her Husband; but he being a Prudent man, manages his Affairs with such Discretion, that she to her great Grief finds, she shall never get the upper hand. Thus for a time he is head of the Family, and Governs his Wife and Children with Credit and Reputation; he is happy in a numerous Issue of both Sexes; hath Educated them all very well, and Match'd them to good Fortunes; but

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mark what follows; When all this is done, being full of years, the Infirmities of Old-age at last seize him, and he is Fettered to his Chamber, by some Tedious and Chronical Distemper, so that he is not able to move or stir out of his Chair. Now the Domestick War begins *de novo*; the Wife will now do nothing but what she pleaseth, tho she was formerly kept under Hatches; the Poor Man is now her Prisoner, and at her Mercy; the Wife grows Surly and Sawcy, the Children Masterless, the Servants unruly; and if the husband attempts to Correct them, she is ready to fly in his face for it. Seeing himself thus Abused by his Wife, Disobeyed by his Children and slighted by his Servants, he takes it very much to heart; But that which Afflicts him most is the Extravagancy of his eldest Son and Heir, Bolstered up by his Mother, only to break the old Man's Heart, and make him end his Life Miserably. If he thinks of a Will, that he shall be permitted to do, for fear he should bequeath somewhat to his Poor Relations, or be too Lavish in Charitable Legacies: Now the old Gentleman is left in the Cold alone, unregarded, whilst the Gossips about in

the Parish, and declares the Currish usage of her Husband formerly; had I not been (saith she) a Woman of a matchless Patience, I could never have lived with him half this time; but this is not all; for when she comes home she throws it in his dish frequently, and tells him now upbraidingly, that God Rewards him for it. The Good Man is resolved to Admonish her and her Children fairly, to see whether that will work any Good upon her, and to that end calls them before him: My Dear, you are the only Person that I ever Loved, and yet give me leave to tell you that I am not pleased with your Carriage in many Particulars: You know I am Master of the House, and will be as long as I live (but, saith, Old Gentleman you are mistaken, quoth the good Wife softly and smilingly) tho I am not used like one at present; You know farther how I have ever Cherished you, as the Beloved Wife of my Bosom, and kept you as tender as the Apple of my eye, but neither you nor my Children have behaved your selves as you ought to do. What would you have done? I trow, saith she, you are too well used, I think; you do not know when you are well, there

there is nothing we can do to please you. Would you have us stand demurely before you with our fingers in our mouths? Not so neither I do not deserve this Taunting Language at your hands. Then he turns to his eldest Son; Son, saith he, I have made some Observations of your Behaviour, with which I am very much Disatisfied. You are my Eldest Son and Heir 'tis true; but Hecce you Lavish away my Estate Profusely with Profligate and Debauch'd Company: I have been a good Father, have Improved your Estate, and shall leave you a plentiful Revenue, if you be Obedient and Dutiful, but otherwise I swear by all that is good and Sacred, you shall never enjoy my Estate. What would you have him to do? saith she, one shall have enough to do to please you: Do you want for any thing? what would you be at I wonder; I never saw the Peer of you, I vow to God; you are neither pleased full, nor fasting. Pray, Woman, hold you your Tongue, and do not uphold him against me, tho it hath been ever your way to do so. This done, the Mother and her Son lay their heads together, and resolve to give out; that the Old Man is Craz'd and grown a Child.

Child again, and make the World believe he is grown Senseless; and if any comes to speak with him, and asks the Good Lady for the Good Man; she presently Answers, Alas! Poor Gentleman he is fast enough in God Almighty's Dungeon; and how came that to pass, Madam? God knows Sir, for I do not; He is grown a mere Child again; I am sure I have no Comfort or help of him, God help me, and grant me Patience to undergo my Afflictions. Truly, Madam, I am heartily sorry for it. Thus is the Old Gentleman Concealed from the World, and Confined to his Chamber, so that he cannot Redress or help himself, nor undeceive the World of the wrong done him. This he must needs bear with a great deal of Grief and inward Regret; but since he finds no other Remedy, he is resolved to bear it Patiently. For my part, I look upon this to be as great a Torment as can be upon Earth; for a Man to be well stricken in years, Diseased and Troubled with a Painful Distemper, Sequestred from all Friends and Relations, Debarred of all Company, but such as rather add to, then diminish his Sorrow. Thus he Lingers away in Grief

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Grief, Pines with Pain, Languisheth with Sorrow, lives Wretchedly, but I hope dyes Happily; tho my prayers shall be, that Fortune would bring her to some shameful End, that occasioned it, and so Farewel thou worst of Women.

The tenth Comfort of Matrimony.

HE that is once Decoy'd into the Net of Matrimony, must bear with his Misfortune as well as he can; for 'tis a hard thing for him to get out of the Nooz, when he is once fastned, as will appear by this ensuing Discourse. Our Married Man here, that is to taste of the tenth Comfort of Marriage (much good do his Heart with it) is but a Puny, Diminutive, Consumptive Animal, neither gifted with Weapons nor Activity to please a Wife with; and she after an Essay made of his Ability, Complains to her Mother, that she cannot Love him, he is so Lean and Maigre, that it is as good lying with a parcel of Carpenter's Tools as with him, his skin is so lanck, and his bones so sharp and extended, that when he toucheth her in bed he pierceth her like so many Needles, a Life that no Poor Woman can bear; she wants due Benevolence, and requires more Milk than he can give her,
and

and therefore is resolved to Lap elsewhere. Now the Solace of Matrimony begins to appear, *Tantalus* like, she is up to the Chin in water, and can neither drink, nor eat those Apples that lye bobbing at her mouth; a sad Condition for a Hungry and Thirsty Soul: Abroad she roams, and picks up the first Stallion that comes to hand, and enjoys him as often as she has opportunity. Stolen Waters are sweet, they say, and it appears so by this Gentlewoman; but the Mischief on't is, that by ill Conduct of Affairs, her Husband discovers her Amorous Intrigue, and spoils her Gaming, and Corrects her severely for her Impudence; insomuch that she deserts him, and goes to her Friends, Complaining with feigned tears of his harsh usage to her, and shews the Marks of his severity to her Relations, who pity her and curse him. This is an excellent Comfort of Matrimony. Thus Pleasure salutes him in the very Infancy of his Wedded Condition, and will undoubtedly continue to the end. However the fond Fop, being deprived of his Wife, bemoans her absence every night in his Widdow'd Sheets, and is at a great loss for a Bedfellow: He cannot endure this Life

Life long, and therefore the Poor Cornu-
to must send for her again; finding him
in this Loving pickle, Poor thing, the
Bowels of her Affection wamble after
no Husband (having been all this while
stewed in the warm Embraces of her
Gallant) and procures her Mother to
give out, that she hath been all this while
under her Tutelage, and having an Op-
portunity to meet with her Husband,
Rattles him soundly for his Baseness to-
ward her Daughter, telling him, that
her Poor Child was forced to run away
from him, because she went in danger of
her Life all the time she lived with him:
I had rather, saith she, by half, that
you would turn her home to me, and
part good friends, than to abuse her so as
you do; and withal take notice that
your Behaviour to the Poor Girl is e-
nough to make her do what she never
thought of, and make your head ake
in spite of your teeth, take that from
me Sir, since you are as you are. Being
thus Lectured by the Mother, he seems
to be very sorrowful, and hath a months
mind to the Daughter, nothing will
serve him, but he must have her again,
and has her *de bene esse*, upon promise
of Reformation. Overjoy'd with the
re-

repurchase of his Wife, he grows Kind even to wonder, and hops about with her from place to place, till his Mony is all hop'd from him, and then returns home with an empty Pocket, but a heavy Heart, God knows. Or else if this Wheedle do not take, a Divorce is endeavour'd on both sides to be procured, but for want of sufficient Cause of Separation, or a considerable Flaw in the Evidence, the Judge Condemns them to live according to their Marriage Vow, and Imposes a smart Fine upon them for their Folly; so that the Case is worse and worse, they are both Doom'd to a Loathed Bed, and a Life which an Ideot hath sense enough to avoid, rather than be so Tormented, and expose themselves Ludibriously to the Censure of the whole World. Now if it falls out that there is sufficient Cause for a Divorce, their Misery is not at all abated; for they must never Marry while they Live; and if they are not so Continent as to forbear Venereal Divertisements, they must e'n run the Risque of a Swinging Clap, and the loss of Reputation; so that by this means they are caught, and faster in the Net than ever; and if they are of a Noble Family, and Rich in Lands

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Lands and Possessions, their Names are lost for want of an Heir, and they go out of the World with an ill stench, their Reputation being rotten before their Dust, and their Memory is more Nautious than their Bones in the Grave. He is sorely troubled at the Bad Report of his Wife, and can go into no Company, but her Misdeeds are display'd before him, to his Grief, and her own Shame, and an Invenom'd Tongue makes a deep and Incurable wound; thus he sees himself the May-Game and sport of every Flouting Fellow, and silently bears all that's thrown at him: every one has a sling at his Jacket, and the Gallant many at his Wife's Placket, who keeps her under his very Nose, to the grief of his Heart, and he paces about the Town Acteoniz'd, and admir'd by the Boys and Rabble, a Torment sufficient I confess to discompose a wiser Head; but no matter, it is no more than he deserves, and all such contented Cuc-kolds: Let him live as long, and as well as he can, I'll not envy his Happiness, and when ever he Dyes, I hope I shall dy in a better, tho not so contented a Condition.

The

The eleventh Comfort of Matrimony.

WHen a brave, young, brisk Gentleman is at his own freedom, and has the world in a string, he may steer his own course without care, or controule. This our Gallant here, we intend to mention, does to no purpose. He has a good Estate, keeps high Company, Caresses handfome Ladies, gives himself over to all manner of pleasure, is his Fathers only Son and Joy. At length this Spark meets with a Young, Comly, Brisk Sanguin-Complexioned Lady, who can never long withstand a suit well managed with Judgment, and well tim'd with discretion (tho all Women of what Complexion soever will permit a Man to serve himself into her constitution, if she likes him) he hath made many and tedious Addresses to her, laid close Siege to her Chastity, so that the poor thing is able to hold out no longer, but must yield up the Fort, grants his request, and exposeth herself to his loose Embraces.

But the worst is to come; this is not all; this little viripotent Youngling of fifteen is Prolific, and proves with
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Child, for which there can be no other Remedy then Concealment, and as good luck would have it the Mother had been in the Oven before, and understood well enough how to make the best of a bad Market, for the poor Girl knows not she is with Child, tho the Mother does, and she has not long to reckon; she Pukes every Morning, and makes strange Grimaces, and complains that her stomach is untoward and out of order; well without all Question, saith the Mother, you are with-Child; now mind what I am going to say to you; for your Gallant I have forbidden him my House for ever, he being too mean a match for you; be sure Hussy you never open your lips of this unlucky Job (which came by Jobbing) to any Christian Soul, and observe punctually what I shall say to you. Did you never take notice of the young Esq; that comes here sometimes? yes, Madam, saith she; well take special notice of him next time, and he has promised to be here to Morrow: Behave your self discreetly, and show him a Pleasant Countenance: and when you spy me a talking with the rest of the Company, dart a favorable, fascinating Glance upon him,

him, cast a sheeps eye at him, do you understand me Girl? yes, Madam; observe my directions; if he will keep you in discourse, answer him Modestly, if he profers you Marriage, return him thanks innocently, but withall give him to understand, that you know not what it is, nor do you desire to learn: If he offers you a present either of Gold, or Silver, be sure you refuse it harmlesly; but if it be with a Jewel, Diamond, or Ring; do as Maids use to do, deny it modestly at first, say nay, and then take it. When he takes his leave of you, ask him mildly, when you shall see him again? This Noble blade is but an Inch of this side of a Natural, has a vast Estate, but a meer Town-Fop, whom the Mother will, if possible, work upon him to Marry her Daughter, so that he is in great danger of being caught in the net; and finely Bumbled. Well he repeats his Visits, as close as he can one upon the neck of the other: he is very well received, splendidly Treated, and after dinner he withdraws with the Young Lady and Compliments her apart from the Company; takes her by the hand, and thus (like a fool as he is) accosts her. Madam, I wish with all my Soul, that you

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you knew but the thoughts of my heart. Alas! Sir thats impossible, unless you discover them; I hope you think of no harm. Upon my Faith, not I, Madam nor of any thing but what I would willingly have you know, and that without my telling it. Truly Sir saith she, and Ushers her discourse with a charming Smile; I cannot Divine, and therefore 'tis impossible for me to understand you. If I thought Madam, you would not be displeased, I would faithfully discover them. Sir replies the Young Lady, you have your freedom to say what you please; for I have so good an opinion of you, that I presume you can say nothing but what is Commendable and Civil. Madam, saith he I am a Person, I must confess, I am unworthy to Kifs your hands, and dare not presume to Marry you being a Lady adorn'd with all Natures Perfection; but if you please to do me that Honor (expect no Ceremony from me, Madam) I dare boast from my Heart, that I could love you with all my Soul, and that no man can Love you better, nor serve you with that submission and Affection that I can and will, for I resolve never to forsake you, let what will befall me, and I shall be

as

as tender of your Reputation, as my own. I return you thanks Sir, saith she, but I beseech you Sir, cease your Discourse, do not harp upon that string any longer; for I know not what it means, nor will I learn, that's flat and Categorical; This Discourse would offend my Mother, if it should reach her ear. Faith, Madam, your Mother is a very good Woman; but, if you please, your Mother shall know nothing of it, I will be wholly directed by your Commands. Why do you say so Sir, I am confident it would not be for your Good, neither would your Friends advise you to any such thing: Pray Sir forbear this kind of Talk; for if my Mother should hear it, I am utterly undone; here the Mother gave her a Nod, seeing them both very earnest in Discourse, for fear she should Miscarry, and not Act her part well: Then the Netled Youth claps a Ring in her hand, and begs of her to accept it for his sake; indeed Sir I shall not; I beseech you Madam, wear it for my sake; well Sir, saith she at last, since it must be so, it shall be so, and I will wear it upon your account. Then the Mother comes to him, and tells him, to Morrow Sir we design to ride

as my side a little way out of Town, to take
 faith the fresh air; at which he rejoyceth;
 e your when the time of Departure is come, the
 string Business is so ordered, that there is never
 hat it a Horse in the Company carries double,
 t and but the young Gentleman's, at which
 ld of he is not a little pleased; so it falls out
 h her happily, that his Mistris is set behind
 r is a him, who hugs the Pummel of her Saddle
 lease, for her own security, I leave you to
 of it, Judge whether he likes his Company or
 Com- no; the Gentleman is very near the
 I am Net; for this Journey was only undertaken
 ood, to catch the Young Widgeon; he keeps
 u to close to his Mistris, and when the Mo-
 this ther finds an opportunity, she enquires
 ould of her Daughter how squares go, and
 the she tells her all: From henceforward,
 ern faith she, Daughter, whatever you do,
 fear carry your self discreetly, if he talks of
 her Marrying you, tell him you must ac-
 ith quaint me with it, but withal, that he is
 of the only Man in the World that you
 Sir Love, and that you will never have a-
 n, ny but him. Then they take a walk in
 he the Garden, then he takes her by the
 o, hand, and says, Fine Lady, take pittie
 nt. of me, I beseech you; Pray Sir talk
 d no more on't; for if you do, I will for-
 o sake your Company: Spare me one word
 e more

more without offence, if you would be pleased to Crown me with this happiness, I should take it for the greatest Honor that was ever confer'd upon Mortal. Sir saith she, it must be proposed to my Relations, or else I can say nothing to't: If I thought they would approve of it, I would propose it my self; for God's sake, saith the cunning Gipsie, have a care, that you do not say a word of my proposing any such thing, for I should die through shame, if any such thing should be said of me; not I upon my Faith, Madam, and then away he goes to the Mother, and discourses the business so respectfully that the business is concluded, and they make up the match immediatly; the sooner, the better, all things considered, for *Hans in Kelders* sake: Now the Poor Gentleman is in the Net, and no body as yet knows of it; but at last it comes to the ears of his Parents, who are grieved at the very heart, knowing it to be too inferior a Match for their Son; thus they are Wedded in haste, and may repent at leisure; he was Married without License, unaskt at Church, without any Ceremony; any way in the World, so that the business be once over. Well night draws

draws on, and the Mother takes her Daughter to task, and instils some of her good, Motherly Instructions into her, relating to her Carriage with her Husband that night; she charges her to put him to it as a Virgin ought to do; and farther, that as soon as he entred the Premises with some feigned Reluctancy on her part, she must fall into a fainting shriek, as if she had fallen into cold water in a hot fit. Thus she Tutors her Daughter to deceive the Young Fop. All things hitherto are very well, but mark what followes, there is a cursed sting in the Tail; for within two or three Month, the Young Bride Grones, and falls all to pieces; it could be no longer hid, a Young Babe peeps into the World, and that spoils all. Now all the Joy is converted into sorrow, and he knows not what to do with himself. He is quite at a loss; If he turns her away, the whole world will be acquainted with it, and he cannot Marry again, and for her part she will take care of one. Tis an Ill Hen, that cant scrape for one Chicken. If he keeps her and Co-habits with her she will never care a pin for him, nor he for her, there will be no Love-lost of either side, Ile be bold to say.

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Well, all is well, that ends well, saith the good old Adage, and so say I too; but from such Comfort in the Close, from such an end as this, Good Lord Deliver me!

The twelfth Comfort of Matrimony.

AND a sweet one 'tis too, if you knew all. Our Youngster in this Case is one that hath beat about the Net so long, that at last he hath found a hole to creep in at; and to be sure hath verified the Adage, fast bind, fast find, he has tied an Indissoluble Knot; but here is his Comfort still, that he hath Married such a *Non pareil*, such a matchless woman for Morality, Goodness and Vertue, that she is not to be Parallelled in the Universe: He admires her Discourse, extols her Education, commends her Deportment, dotes upon her Face, and is so Captivated with the Distinction of her Sex, that he is Ravish'd with his Choice, and Boasts of his Prudent Election; he is resolved to let loose the Reins of Government, and let her bear the Sway; nothing shall be done, but what has first the Stamp of her Approbation: She is his All, and He her No-

thing.

faith thing, and you will find at last, that
 too the values him little, or nothing: He is
 close, as Tame as a Man, reduc'd by Phlebo-
 l De- tomy to a weakly Condition, and is made
 up of nothing but Obedience. There's
 my Man (if he hath not forfeited his
 ony. Manhood) as good a Husband as ever laid
 leg over Woman. If his King and Coun-
 try raise an Army to oppose a Forrain
 n this Invasion, he shall not stir a foot, unless
 e Net she be in the humor to permit him, he
 and shall not go to the Wars; for his Wife is
 e hath too tender of him to let him be so long
 t find out of her sight; hang Fame he shall not
 but March; lest he returns with Grinning
 e hath or Cripled Honour. Come, come, sweet
 match Heart, faith she, 'tis good sleeping in a
 s and whole skin; you was never cut out for
 allel Martial Enterprizes, your Body is too
 er Dis- young and tender to be exposed to the
 mend Hardship and Hazard of Rusting War.
 Face Let others Purchase Renown, that Phan-
 tinctly ty it, at never so dear a Rate, you shall
 d with enjoy your self at home in Peace in Qui-
 ruden- etness. Thus is the fond Fop absolutely
 ose the Governed by his Wife, she has him fast,
 er be- and will not loose an Inch of her hold.
 ne, but she has a mind to Junket and Sport
 Appro- with her Gallant, he must to bed, and
 er No- when the Goose is laid to the Fire. Some
 thing

times she puts him in mind of urgent Business, and then he must rise at Midnight to dispatch it; or else she exposes him to a Journey, that she may have the better Opportunity to enjoy her Friend; or he must rise all hours in the Night to fetch her a Doctor to cure the Stitch or Pain in the side, and expose himself to the injury of the weather; and in the interim she admits her Gallant, who is so bold as to Scale the Walls, creep in at the Window, and a thousand such little Love-Toys, to accomplish his Design and Desire. Sometimes it falls out that her Friend hath Planted himself behind the Hangings, and her mischievous little Lap-dog smells him out, and she tells her Husband, they are Rats or Mice that he barks at, and perswades him 'tis the poor Cur's custom to do so; but at last, he frightens him away with, out you little Foisting Cur, what a Noise is here with you, and then he sneaks away like a Dog that hath burnt his Tale. She makes him dandle the Child to sleep, or sing a Nocturnal Lullaby to the innocent Babe, and he like an Innocent Fellow does it without Murmuring: She makes him carry the Distaff or Spindle, while she is cutting out more work for him.

She spins a fair thred at last, and he to his cost finds, that he hath brought his Hogs to a fair Market. In short, like a Spanniel he is made to fetch and carry, when, and what she pleases; the poor Fool never enjoys a minutes rest, or content, and runs through a world of sorrow and Tribulation, and so let him, unpitied for me; for he seems to be created to no other End. He has brought an old House over his head, which is little presently until'd, if he speaks but one word to contradict her; She has got the upper hand of him, and 'tis now too late to reclaim her; had he taken her down in her Wedding-shoes, there might have been some hopes of doing some good with her; but it is in vain, nay impossible to work upon her. Thus he grows Aged through Care, Grief and Vexation, and is slighted by his Dame, like an old Faulkner, or to speak more properly, like an Old Wife (the worst of Creatures,) good for nothing. His (or rather her) Domestick Affairs, he must not intermeddle with: She is the *Domina fac totum*; and if any of her Daughters be Marriageable, she disposeth of them to whom she pleaseth, without his Consent or Approbation: If they are

well Matcht, well and good ; If ill, he dares not find fault with it, much less upbraid her for it. She plays the Woman exactly, and will have her Will in every thing, right, or wrong, and there is no gainfaying, unless he has a mind to make the House too hot to hold him. Now I Appeal to all Rational Men, what greater Torment can there be to a Man, than such a Ruling Housewife? what greater Plague to a Husband, than such a Domineering Wife? O the unutterable Comfort of such an easie, pleasant Life, where the good Woman takes all the Burthen upon her own shoulders, Manages all Affairs at home and abroad, and he not so much as concerned with any, lives happily and free from the Cares, and Tummoils of a Wedded Life, Dies with Grief and Shame, to see himself so Conquer'd by his Wife, and so sneaks out of the World, quite weary of it, without pity or compassion, there let him rest quietly in his Grave, that never did so in his Life time, without Epitaph or Monument, but that everlasting one of his Folly, that he left behind him to Posterity.

The thirteenth Consort of Matrimony.

THIS Gentleman we are to treat of in this place, is of a quite different Temper from the last. Who will not be Rul'd by his Wife, but is of a Noble, Martial Spirit, and runs in pursuit of Honor and Fame. He is resolved to venture his Life and Fortune in his Princes service beyond-Sea, and in order thereunto first acquaints his Wife with his unshaken Resolution; she embraces and caresses him with tears in her eyes; alas! my dear, saith she, can you have the heart to forsake me and the Pledges of our Love, these sweet Babes? will you now desert me, and leave me and my Children to the wide World Comfortless and Husbandless, when we have lived so contentedly, as Man and Wife, for some years together? My Dear, saith he I must go, my Honor lies at stake which is dearer than Life and all in the world besides. I must obey my King, or forfeit my Loyalty, and the Estate that I hold of his Majesty by Tenure to serve him in his Wars; but in grace of God I hope to see you suddenly, if he please to continue my life and health, and he is best able to provide for you.

Thus he takes leave of his Wife with a heavy heart, and she is as big with seeming sorrow at their parting ; recommending her and his Children to the care and Tuition of his Friends. As soon as he arrives at the Camp, he being an active, brave Soul, cannot rest without some attempt to Signalize his Valor, and attacks the Enemy with so brisk an assault, that he clears all before him, so the dispute continues hot on both sides a considerable time ; but at last, stimulated by Honor and Glory, presseth too far into the body of the Enemy, and the Poor Gentleman has the misfortune to be taken Prisoner , and there is kept three or four years , before he can procure an exchange or ransom to obtain his Liberty. His Lady is very Inquisitive after his welfare, and at last receives some slight and uncertain Information of his death, which she seems to take very Grievously, and falls into an excess of sorrow ; but certainly Women were not Created only to weep ; besides inordinate Grief is prohibited and sinful. God be thanked, in a very short time this grief is over, and she is Married to another. The Intire Affection she had to her former Husband and his Issue is quite

quite forgot and lost, all her fond Caref-
and embraces before, and at his depar-
ture are buried with him (as she thinks) in
oblivion, without hopes of a Resurrect-
ion; and she shows more love to the se-
cond than she did to her first Husband.
But that fickle Baggage Fortune will
have it so, that Her Husband at
length is Released, and returns home,
tho much decayed and broken by the
severity of his Imprisonment, and the
hard usage he received from the Enemy.
No sooner arrived, but he makes dili-
gent Inquisition after his Wite and
Children, and the thoughts of their mis-
carriage, did certainly much aggravate
the affliction and grief of his Captivity.
At last he understands the dismal and un-
welcome news of her second Marriage;
now Judge you what a Confusion he was
in at this stabbing relation. The anguish
of *Priam*, King of *Troy*, when he was
acquainted with the Death of *Hector*,
was not certainly comparable to his;
at last he comes home, and is fully in-
formed of all the particulars. What a
distraction he now is in may possibly be
faintly imagined, but never fully exprest;
what course to steer, or how to grapple
with this misfortune is a controversy

that cannot well be decided. What revenge can he study suitable to her crime? What punishment doth she not deserve to have inflicted upon her for Faithlessness? As he is a Man of Courage and Honor he can never be so Puny-spirited as to put up this Injury unsatisfied, nor can he buckle to so tame and unmanly a Condescension, as to readmit her into his Bed, tho her Husband should dispense with it. On the other side, he who Married her last must needs be very much disturb'd at this unlucky Businels; and having been satiated with her, must hate, and Forsake her, for love and Empire never admit of Corrivals. And what a sad Case now is she in by her overforwardness and Credulity? she hath lost her reputation, both her Husbands and her own Honor, hath buried all her Modesty in the Grave of Infamy, and expos'd her self to the Virulent Tongues of carping Momi; her Children will be afflicted and disturb'd at the Misfortune of the Mother, the vexation of the Father, and consequently at the Infelicity of both their Parents. Thus they two, who might have lived comfortably all their days by this unlucky accident, are like to live miserably, to whom length of days,

days; the greatest happiness on Earth, will prove their greatest misery. Marry they must not, cannot, dare not; this is one of the desirable Comforts of Matrimony; one of the Enjoyments of a Wedded life, one of the Pleasures of a coupled condition. They must live asunder without hopes of a re-union, and he must die a Wedded Widdower, and she a single Wife, an unhappy Mystery to both, and an unfortunate, tho unheard of Paradox.

The fourteenth Comfort of Matrimony.

HE that is sensible of this Comfort is one, that hath taken such pains to find a passage into the net, that he is got in and ensnared by a young, Beautiful and wel-tempered Woman; and they enjoy their delights and Pleasures, without contention or disturbance; a happy life indeed, and such as might make a Man thirst after the Cup of Matrimony. They Caresse one another incessantly, like two Turtles, for they are two in one united; and if the one is in the least discompos'd, the other Sympathiseth in the pain and Affliction; but these are Halcyon days, and too serene and calm so last long; for the Wife dies sudden-

suddenly, and puts a Period to all their Amours and happy Enjoyments: The Young Man grows very Disconsolate, bewails Night and Day the Irreparable Loss of his Wife; sometimes complaining of Death, and other times of the Capriciousness of Versatile Fortune, Nature's Whirlegig, that is always turning, and never fixed or settled. Thus for some time he lives in Misery, shuns all Society, abandons all Comfort, ruminating upon his Misfortune, the Deprivation of so good and kind a Comfort; He Dreams of her continually, thinks of her without Intermission, and loves her Memory. But it is as true, as old a saying, *Nullum Violentum est perpetuum*, Sorrows are short that are sharp and Violent. But after all this our young Gentleman, tho he hath been once caught in the Net, and freed, must be so Foppish as to venture a second time and is baited into it again to his great Grief and Discontent: A Widdow is a Person of a quite contrary humor to his former Wife, of a middle Age: First she carries her self very demurely with tolerable Discretion; but at length, when she hath sufficiently pried into his Temper, and thoroughly understands his Constitution, then she be-

begins to show her Teeth, and to play upon his sweet Disposition (a Fault too incident to that Sex) brings him to her Bow, and manages him to her best advantage, she studying nothing but her own, not his Satisfaction: And certainly there are no such Vassals in the worst of Servitude, who are so enslaved as Simple Young men, when link'd to Widdow'd Women, especially when they are of a Cross and Sordid Humor; and he that is so unfortunate as to be reduced to this Extremity, has no other Redress, but to pray to God to grant him Patience to undergo this weighty Affliction; if that won't do, his utmost Refuge is to have recourse to a Silken Halter, and so strangle himself together with his Misery. Now she begins to appear in her Colours; she grows Jealous of him (the very Bane of a Married Life) and is so Insatiable, that she is dissatisfied, if he be but a minute out of her Embraces, cannot endure him out of her sight, and every Woman he casts an eye upon, he Lusts after. When Widdows meet with Young Flesh, they cherish it, because it renews their Strength and Vigor; and there is nothing more Noisom, or prejudicial to a Young man's Health, than a
La-

Lacivious, Draining, old Wife : Yet I look upon an Old Man to be the greater Brute of the two, who Smugs and Trims himself up with all Artificial Ornaments to make him appear Youthful, and then Marries a Young Girl : That is a most intollerable piece of Vanity, a Foppery neither to be allowed, nor imitated; His Nauseous Breath, proceeding from the corruption of his Decayed Lungs, must needs offend beyond Expression; Coughing, Sneezing, Spawling, Groaning and Spitting (tho not a word of spitting in the right Basin) must needs be very unacceptable to Youth, if not Odious and Loathsom : But to return to our Young Gentleman taken in the Net a second time (the greater his Folly) his Wife grows so greedy after Man's Flesh, that she could find in her heart to turn She-Canibal, and devour it : She is stark mad with Jealousie, and if he goes to Church with never such Real, Pious, and Devout Intentions, She suspects he hath some Sinister and Wicked Designs. I am apt to believe, there can be no Real Love without some smack or spice of Jealousie; for certainly no Man, or Woman would match themselves to a Creature, who had no good Quality, or Parts to cre-

create an Inclination in a second Person toward them, that would betray the Foolishness of their Choise; but this sort of Jealousie, or rather Suspicion occasions no Domestick Feuds, or Household Jarrs, because it is only an Excess of Kindness, or Affection; but that which creates a groundless Suspicion and Diffidence of the Party Beloved, and ends in Brawling and Contention, must needs be the worst of Plagues, and the Cursed Sting and Torment of Matrimony. If these be the Comforts of a Married Life, let me enjoy my Liberty and Freedom in a single State, and live happily without Dissatisfaction or Disturbance. I do not in the least blame the State of Matrimony, mistake me not; but the Rash and Precipitate Election of those Hot-spurs, that run headlong into that Condition without deliberate Consideration. *Hippocrates*, the Famous Greek Physitian hath a smart saying, and very Pertinently Applicable to our young Gentlemen, *Vetulam non novi, cur morior?* I never Wedded an old wife, and why should I dye? it had been well for him, if he had laid this Sentence to heart, and matcht himself to one of his own youthful Temper, Then he might have liv'd Happily and Contented.

tedly, tho here we must take our leave of him, gasping for his last Breath in a Wretched and Deplorable Condition.

The fiftteenth Comfort of Matrimony.

THis is the fifteenth and last Comfort of Matrimony, a great and Prodigious Comfort ; a Comfort that cannot be exprest significantly, and it is this. Our Married Man here chanceth to meet with a Woman, who is much addicted to the shaking of her elbow, as well as of her Tail, two good Qualities in a good Wife, and the good Man is like to thrive upon't. This course of life she leads for a considerable time undisturb'd, because undiscovered, but at length he finds his Estate decay by her expensive Gaming; suspects her Fidelity, and is resolved to watch an opportunity, to discover, if possible her Amorous Intrigues: And one day, as Fate would have it, he enters her Chamber privately, and surprizeth her in the very action, or in a very suspicious and wanton posture. The Husband incensed with rage and fury, cannot contain himself any longer within bounds, but flies at her Gallant with a design to make him breath out his last upon the spot, but as he is striking at him,

him,

him, his Wife, kind Soul ! (as it behoves her ; for she ought not to stand by, and be guilty of Murder,) comes and embraces her Husband ; ah ! for Gods sake my Dear, have a care that you do not hit an unlucky blow, and be Guilty of Bloodshed ; whereupon the Blade clears himself of his intended Assassine, and shews a fair pair of heels ; 'twas well he was nimble footed, or else he had certainly been sacrificed to his fury ; but fear and guilt have Wings as well as Love, and in short he makes his escape. The Husband pursues him, but to no purpose ; for he hath secured himself by Flight ; whereupon he returns, like a Hungry, Rampant Lion into the Chamber, thinking to meet with his Wife, and make her his Prey ; but alas ! the Bird is flown. Now, what think you is become of this Unfortunate and Disconsolate Woman ? why, she is fled to her Relations, and acquaints them with all these Passages in a Mournful dialect, with some seeming Regret. At this Relation all the whole Family is an uprore ; sometimes blaming him for his severity, but her most of all for her Imprudence and Indiscretion. The Wife palliates the business to her Mother, at the first, but upon strict Examination

amination, Confesseth with sighs and Tears the whole matter; (the Mother understanding very well how to manage a Cause of this Nature, who had her self been guilty of the same Miscarriage, tho with more Privacy and Secrecie, without Injury to her Reputation by so palpable and Notorious a discovery) Well! They meet and Consult how to smother the business, and by meances on the one hand and Intreaties on the other, to reduce the easy-natur'd Husband to a better Temper, and by all means possible to patch up a Reconciliation, and make Peace between them. And first they Tamper with his Chamber-Maid, a *Procureur d' Amour*, a procuring Bawd, or Female Pander to her Mistresses Lust, and they ask her how it is with her Master, since this unlucky Disaster? To whom she replies; he is in a very desperate, discontented Condition, hath taken no sustenance at all since that Misfortune hapned, nor had any rest or sleep to Refresh him. When he sate down to Dinner, this day, he did not swallow so much as one Morsel, his stomach was too weak to entertain food; then he sits as Melancholy as one that is Hypochondriacal: has a gastly, wan look,

look, as if Grief had drunk up all the color of his face. Sometimes he wrings his hands, shakes his head, bites his fingers ends, takes the Knife and sticks it in the Table, and afterward throws it away with great Indignation. Then presently, on a sudden, starts up and takes a promenade in the Garden, but returns with a distracted look, before he hath passed thirty yards; he can neither sit, nor stand still one minute in a place; Night and day he sighs, bemoans himself, that it would extort pity from a Barbarian to see him in this sad Condition. Well! at length, after some time elapsed, when they Judged the storm was somewhat over, and that he was grown more cool and temperate, Some of the most forward and crafty of that Female Gang of her Friends and Relations attaque the Husband, like the Northern Wind, blusteringly, and that Tempest being over, strike Sail, and discourse with as great moderation and subtilty, commending his Wife for her Vertue, modesty and Piety (a pious Devil indeed) and that they have known her for several years to live like a modest Wife with an unstained Reputation, obedient to your self, respective to her Neighbours and civil to all

all Persons of both Sexes. And now for you openly to defame her, to the ruin of her Honor, upon some imaginary surmize, is unkind, and Injurious in so high a nature, that you can never make her amends: besides, Sir, let me be plain with you in a business of so great concernment, say, or think what you will, to my own certain knowledge, two persons may be closely engaged in discourse together, and in a very friendly posture, and yet not do the thing that you imagine, nor ever so much as entertain a thought of so Disloyal and Immodest an Action, as to defile their Husbands bed. What he might, like a bold Russian attempt, I will not here dispute, that is none of my Pretense, but Forrain to the matter in hand; but this Ile confidently aver and maintain against all opposition, that there is no man breathing, that your Lady hates like this Villain, who hath so rashly brought an old House over her head; nay I am satisfied in my Conscience, that she would sooner see him suffer the most Ignominious death, that ever was executed upon the most Notorious Criminal, than suffer him to touch her in an uncivil way. Let me perswade you to consult your reason, and not thus ruffle and discompose.

compose your self with a meer Chimæra or fancy; the poor Woman is so swel'd with Tears, that she hath scarce an eye to peep out of, wrings her hands, bewailes her condition, and laments without intermission the displeasure you have conceived against her; it lies in your Power yet to make up the business with a Salvo to her and your own Reputation; for long she cannot continue in this languishing condition, and I hope you do not thirst after her blood, that were Inhuman and Unchristian. Come, come, Sir, let me tell you, you must forget and forgive, if there were (tho I see no) cause for either upon your Wifes account; besides, do you think, if your Wife were a dissolute Woman, a Woman of tainted Reputation, that we would undervalue our selves so much, as to keep her Company? No, no, never Cherish any such thought in you, for that were to stab our fame and honor, as well as hers, Nay Sir, I must tell you farther; I have been acquainted with her from her Child-hood, and am so far from knowing harm by her, that I dare maintain, she has been the Pattern of Vertue in this Country. What, saith the Husband, will you perswade me out of my senses? I saw it

it with my own eyes. In good Faith, 'tis no such thing, say what you will; the Senses are fallible, for want of a proper Medium, or through some weakness or Imperfection in the Optics. O Brave Dame! well Philosophis'd, I protest: we use to say, Seeing is Believing; but in this case, it seems, a Man must not believe his own eyes. Well! the Husband begins to be of a more Sedate and Serene Temper, and considers with himself, that Jealousie casts a Mist before the sight, and makes a Man see double, or very imperfectly: So now he is resolved tamely to put up all wrongs, wipe his mouth, and be silent for the future; the Women smile to see the Business so well managed, promise to bring them together again, and to take their leave of him for the present. Thus the facile Gentleman is convinced of his Error, and very much troubled, that ever he entertained such a Thought, and so he receives his Wife again, and all things are buried in their mutual Embraces. And what think you will be the Issue of all this? she upon this grows Insolent, and hits him in the teeth with his Recognition and Acknowledgement, upbraiding him with the Injury he hath done her: The Gallant

lant and Neighbours must be Treated with a costly Collation to put up the Bu-
siness, and now they may enjoy them-
selves without Control, her Friend Ca-
resses her, and she him, one good turn, you
know, deserves another, and Ingratitude
is the Blackest of Crimes. Thus she is a
Lady Paramount, consumes his Estate,
with Gaming, wastes his Body with Grie-
ving him, persecutes his Soul, till it takes
its flight, and so at last, loaden with years
and Cares, is waisted over in *Charon's*
Ferry, to the Elysiar shades; and there's
an end of his Misery.

Thus we have done with these fifteen
Comforts of Matrimony; and I call
them Comforts, because those that are
Married think them so, and will not be
perswaded to the contrary, tho I look
upon them as the worst of Misfortunes.
I do not, nay I dare not say, that every
married Man tastes of all these Comforts;
but I will affirm this for Truth, that there
is no wedded Person living, how Wise and
Cautelous soever, but is sensible, at the
least, of one of these Comforts. Nor on
the other hand do I say it is ill done to
Marry; but it is not well done certainly,
for a man to be so Stupid and Insensible,
as those we here discourse of, apparently
de-

declare themselves to be, and so enslave themselves with a self-procured Bondage. I would not willingly disoblige the Female Sex, nor indeed do I, if read without Prejudice, and rightly understood, the Contents of this Treatise, tending much to their Honour and Commendation, in all which Rencontres the Women win the Day, come off Triumphantly, and Man is most shamefully worsted by the weaker Sex: and 'tis but Reason it should be so, considering the Wrongs that they suffer by the Oppression and Severity of their Husbands, by Violence, and without Reason; only because they are not of so Robustous Constitution, and are sent into the world with no other Weapon but the Tongue, nor any other Defence but their Chastity, tho daily exposed to the crafty Assaults of Wily Man: Nature having sent them so weakly Arm'd into the world, it is a Prodigious shame, that Men should so Barbarously Insult over them, who are so ready to serve, and obey, without whose Society the world would soon be a Desert, nay Men could not, did not, nor cannot live Happily.

F I N I S.